THE

TRAGEDY

OF

THIERRY

King of *France*, and his Brother

THEODORET.

As it was diverſe times acted at the *Blacke-Friers*, *by the Kings Majeſties* Servants.

Written by

{FRACIS BEAMONT. AND JOHN FLETCHER} Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1649.

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The Prologue to *Thierry* and *Theodoret*.

WIt is become an Antick; and puts on
As many ſhapes of variation,
To court the times applauſe, as the times dare
Change ſeverall faſhions; nothing is thought rare
Which is not new and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worne ſome twenty yeares agoe
Comes into grace againe, and we purſue
That cuſtome, by preſenting to your view
A Play in faſhion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appeare the ſame, if you allow
Worth to their noble memories, whoſe names
Beyond all power of death live in their fames.

THE

The Epilogue.

OVr Poet knowes you will be juſt; but we
Appeale to mercy: he deſires that ye
Would not diſtaſt his Muſe, becauſe of late
Tranſplanted; which would grow here if no fate
Have an unluckie bode: opinion
Comes hither but on crutches yet, the ſun
Hath lent no beame to warme us; if this play
Proceed more fortunate, wee'll crowne the day:
And Love that brought you hither: 'tis in you
To make A Little Sprig of Lawrell grow,
And ſpread into a Grove, where you may ſit
And here ſoft Stories, when by blaſting it
You gain no honour, though our ruines Lye
To tell the ſpoyles of your offended eye:
If not for what we are, (for alas, here
No Roſcius moves to charme your eyes or ear)
Yet as you hope hereafter to ſee Playes,
Incourage us, and give our Poet Bayes.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Thierry, King of France
Theodoret, his Brother Prince of *Auſtrachia*
Martell, their noble Kinſman
Devitry, an honeſt Souldier of fortune
Protuldy, } Cowardly Panders.
Bawdber, }
Lecure, }
A Prieſt
A Poſt
Huntſmen
Souldiers
Doctors
Brunhall, Mother to the Princes
Ordella, the matchleſſe wife of *Thierry*
Memburges, Daughter of *Theodoret*.

The Scene France.

THE TRAGEDIE OF THIERRIE AND THEODORET.

Act. I. *Scœ.* I.

Enter *Theodoret*, *Brunhalt*, *Bawdher.*

BRVNHALT.

TAxe me with theſe hot tainters?
Theodoret. You are too ſudaine;
I doe but gently tell you what becomes you,
And what may bend your honor! how theſe courſes
Of looſe and lazie pleaſures; not ſuſpected
But done and knowne, your mind that grants no limit
And all your Actions followes, which looſe people,
That ſee but through a miſt of circumſtance
Dare terme ambitious; all your wayes hide ſores
Opening in the end to nothing but vlcers.
Your inſtruments like theſe may call the world
And with a fearfull clamour, to examine
Why, and to what we governe. From example
If not for vertues ſake yee may be honeſt:
There have been great ones, good ones, and 'tis neceſſary
Becauſe you are your ſelfe, and by your ſelfe
A ſelfe-peece from the touch of power and Iuſtice,
You ſhould command your ſelf, you may imagine
Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women.
The name of greatneſſe glorifies your actions
And ſtrong power like a pent-houſe, promiſe
To ſhade you from opinion; take heed mother,
And let us all take heede theſe moſt abuſe us
The ſinnes we doe, people behold through opticks,
Which ſhewes them ten times more than common vices,
And often multiplyes them: then what juſtice
Dare we inflict upon the weake offenders
When we are theeves our ſelves?
Brun. This is, *Martell*,
Studied and pend unto you, whoſe baſe perſon
I charge you by the love you owe a mother
And as you hope for bleſſings from her prayers,
Neither to give beliefe to, nor allowance,
Next I tell you Sir, you from whome obedience
Is ſo farre fled, that you dare taxe a mother;
Nay further, brand her honour with your ſlanders,
And breake into the treaſures of her credit,
Your eaſineſſe is abuſed, your faith fraited
With lyes, malitious lyes, your merchant miſchiefe,
He that never knew more trade then Tales, and tumbling
Suſpitious into honeſt harts; what you or hee,
Or all the world dare lay upon my worth,

This for your poore opinions: I am ſhee,
And ſo will beare my ſelfe, whoſe truth and whiteneſſe
Shall ever ſtand as far from theſe detections
As you from dutie; get you better ſervants
People of honeſt actions without ends,
And whip theſe knaves away, they eate your favours,
And turne em unto poyſons: my knowne credite
Whom all the Courts a this ſide *Nile* have envied,
And happy ſhee could fite mee, brought in queſtion
Now in my houres of age and reverence,
When rather ſuperſtition ſhould be rendred
And by a Ruſh that one dayes warmth
Hath ſhot up to this ſwelling; give me juſtice,
Which is his life.

Theod. This is an impudence,
And he muſt tell you, that till now mother
Brought yee a ſonnes obedience, and now breakes it
Above the ſufferance of a ſonne.

Bawd. Bleſſe us?
For I doe now begin to feele my ſelfe
Turning into a halter, and the ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.

Theod. Theſe truths are no mans tales, but all mens troubles,
They are, though your ſtrange greatneſſe would out ſtare v'm:
Witneſſe the daily Libels, almoſt Ballads
In every place, almoſt in every Province,
Are made upon your luſt, Taverne diſcourſes,
Crowds cram'd with whiſpers; Nay, the holy Temples,
Are not without your curſes: Now you would bluſh,
But your blacke tainted blood dare not appeare
For feare I ſhould fright that too.

Brun. O ye gods!

Theod. Do not abuſe their names: they ſee your actions,
And your conceald ſinnes, though you work like Moles,
Lyes levell to their juſtice.

Brun. Art thou a ſonne?

Theod. The more my ſhame is of ſo bad a mother,
And more your wretchedneſſe you let me be ſo;
But woman, for a mothers name hath left me
Since you have left your honour; mend theſe ruines,
And build againe that broken fame, and fairely;
Your moſt intemperate fires have burnt, and quickly
Within theſe ten dayes take a Monaſterie,
A moſt ſtrickt houſe, a houſe where none may whiſper,
Where no more light is knowne but what may make yee
Beleeve there is a day where no hope dwels,
Nor comfort but in teares.

Brun. O miſerie!

Theod. And there to cold repentance, and ſtarv'd penance
Tye your ſucceeding dayes; or curſe me heaven
If all your guilded knaves, brokers, and bedders.
Even he you built from nothing, ſtrong *Portalyde*,
Be not made ambling Geldings; all your maydes,
If that name doe not ſhame vm, fed with ſpunges
To ſucke away their ranckneſſe; and your ſelfe
Onely to empty Pictures and dead Arras
Offer your old deſires.

Brun. I will not curſe you,
Nor lay a propheſie upon your pride,
Though heaven might grant me both: unthankfull, no,
I nouriſh'd yee, 'twas I, poore I groand for you,
'Twas I felt what you ſufferd, I lamented
When ſickneſſe or ſad houres held backe your ſwetneſſe;
Twas I payd for your ſleepes, I watch your wakings:
My daily cares and feares, that rid, plaid, walkt,
Diſcourſd, diſcoverd, fed and faſhioned you
To what you are, and am I thus rewarded,

Theod.

Theod. But that I know these teares I could dote on em,
And kneele to catch vm as they fall, then knit vm
Into an Armlet, ever to be honourd;
But woman they are dangerous drops, deceitfull,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.
Brun. In my last houres despisd.
Theod. That Text should tell,
How ugly it becomes you to erre thus;
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoake maintaines ye;
And those your favour and your bounty suffers
Lye not with you, they do but lay lust on you,
And then imbrace you as they caught a palsie;
Your power they may love, and like spanish Iennetts
Commit with such a gust.
Bawd. I would take whipping,
And pay a fine now. *Exit Bawdber*
Theod. But were yee once disgraced,
Or fallen in wealth, like leaves they would flie from you,
And become browse for every beast; you will'd me
To stocke my selfe with better friends, and
With what face dare you see mee, or any mankind, (servants
That keepe a race of such unheard of relicks,
Bawds, Leachers, Letches, semall fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples: and left Art
Should loose her selfe in act, to call backe custome,
Leave these, and live like *Niobe*. I told you how
And when your eyes have dropt away remembrance
Of what you were. I am your sonne! performe it.
Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me,
To tye this Tyger up, a soule to no end,
Have I got shame and lost my will; *Brunhalt*
From this accursed houre, forget thou bor'st him.
Or any part of thy blood gave him living,
Let him be to thee an Antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweates at, and turnes backward:
Throw all the mischiefes on him that thy self,
Or women worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunke, or doubtfull.

Enter Bawdber, Protaldie, Lecure.

Bawd. Such a sweat,
I never was in yet, clipt of my minstrels;
My toyes to prick up wenches withall; uphold me,
It runnes like snowballs through me.
Brun. Now my varlets,
My slaves, my running thoughts, my executions.
Baw. Lord how shee lookes!
Brun. Hell take yee all.
Baw. We shall be gelt.
Brun. Your Mistresse,
Your old and honord Mistresse, you tyr'd curtals
Suffers for your base sinnes; I must bee cloyster'd,
Mew'd up to make mee vertuous who can helpe this,
Now you stand still like Statues; Come *Protaldye*,
One kisse before I perish, kisse me strongly,
Another, and a third.
Lecure. I feare not gelding
As long as shee holds this way.
Brun. The young courser,
That unlickt lumpe of mine, will winne thy Mistris;
Must I bee chast *Protaldye*?
Pro. Thus and thus Lady:
Brun. It shall bee so, let him seeke fooles for Vestalls,
Here is my Cloyster.
Lecure. But what safety Madam
Find you in staying here?
Brun. Thou hast hit my meaning,
I will to *Thierry* sonne of my blessings,
And there complnine mee, tell my tale so subtilly,
That the cold stones shall sweat; and Statues mourne,
And thou shalt weepe *Protaldye* in my witnesse,

And there forsweare.
Bawd. Yes, any thing but gelding,
I am not yet in quiet Noble Lady,
Let it bee done to night, for without doubt
To morrow we are capons.
Brun. Sleepe shall not seize me,
Nor any food befriend me but thy kisses.
E're I forsake this desart, I live honest;
He may as well bid dead men walke, I humbled,
Or bent below my power? let night-dogs teare me,
And goblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,
Ere I forsake my spheare.
Lecure. This place you will.
Brun. What's that to you, or any,
Yee dosse, you powder'd pigsbones, rubarbe glister:
Must you know my designes, a colledge on you,
The proverbe makes but fo ols.
Prota. But Noble Lady.
Brun. You a sawcie asse too, off I will not;
If you but anger me, tell a sow-gelder
Have cut you all like colts; hold mee and kisse me,
For I am too much troubled; make up my treasure,
And get me horses private, come about it.
Exeunt.

Act. 1. *Scæ.* 2.

Enter Theodoret, Martell. &c.

Theod. Though I assure my self (*Martell*) your counsell
Had no end but allegeance and my honour:
Yet I am jealous, I have pass'd the bounds
Of a sons duty; for suppose her worse
Then you report, not by bare circumstance,
But evident proofe confirm'd ha's given her out:
Yet since all weaknesses in a kingdome, are
No more to be severely punished than
The faults of Kings are by the Thunderer
As oft as they offend, to be reveng'd:
If not for piety, yet for policie,
Since some are of necessitie to be spar'd,
I might, and now I wish I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.
Mart. Sir, a duty well discharg'd is never follow'd
By sad repentance, nor did your Highnesse ever
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her, better
Than in your late reproofes not of her, but
Those crimes that made her worthy of reproofe.
The most remarkeable point in which Kings differ
From private men, is that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allyde to them
In neerneſſe, or dependance, by their care
Should be free from suspition of all crime;
And you have reap'd a double benefit
From this last great act: first in the restraint
Of her lost pleasures, you remove th'example
From others of the like licentiousnesse,
Then when 'tis known that your severitie
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
The least indulgence or connivence in
The easiest slips that may prove dangerous
To you or to the Kingdome?
Theod. I must grant
Your reasons good (*Martell*) if as she is
My mother, she had been my subject, or
That only here she could make challenge to
A place of being; but I know her temper
And feare (if such a word become a King,)
That in discovering her, I have let loose
A Tygres, whose rage being shut up in darknesse,
Was grievous onely to her selfe; which brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty,
Provok'd by her owne shame, will turne on him
That foolishly presum'd to let her see
The loath'd shape of her owne deformitie.
Mart. Beasts of that nature, when rebellious threats
Begin to appeare only in their eyes,
Or any motion that may give suspition
Of the least violence should be chaind up;
Their fangs and teeth, and all their meanes of hurt,
Par'd off, and knockt out, and so made unable
To do ill; they would soon begin to loath it.

I'le apply nothing, but had your Grace done,
Or would doe yet, what your leſſe forward zeale
In words did onely threaten, far leſſe danger
Would grow from acting it on her, then may
Perhaps have being from her apprehenſion
Of what may once bee practiſ'd : for beleeve it,
Who confident of his own power, preſumes
To ſpend threats on an enemy, that hath meanes
To ſhun the worſt they can effect, gives armor
To keepe off his owne ſtrength ; nay more, diſarmes
Himſelfe, and lyes unguarded 'gainſt all harmes,
Or doubt, or malice may produce.
Theod. 'Tis true.
And ſuch a deſperate cure I would have us'd,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So neer me as a mother; but to her,
And from me gentle unguents only were
To be appli'd: and as phyſicians
When they are ſick of feavers, eate themſelves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others though alike diſeas'd;
So ſhee conſidering what ſhee is, may challenge
Thoſe cordialls to reſtore her, by her birth,
And priviledge, which at no ſuit muſt be
Granted to others.
Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aimd at, I am ſilent.

Enter Devitry.

Theod. What laught you at Sir?
Vitry. I have ſome occaſion,
I ſhould not elſe; and the ſame cauſe perhaps
That makes me do ſo, may beget in you
A contrary effect.
Theod. Why, what's the matter?
Vitry. I ſee and joy to ſee that ſometimes poore men,
(And moſt of them are good) ſtand more indebted
For meanes to breathe to ſuch as are held vitious,
Than thoſe that weare like Hypocrites on their foreheads,
Th'ambitious titles of juſt men and vertuous.
Mart. Speake to the purpoſe.
Vitry. Who would e'rehave thought
The good old Queene, your Highneſſe reverend mother,
Into whoſe houſe (which was an Academ,)
In which all principles of luſt were practis'd:
No ſouldier might preſume to ſet his foot;
At whoſe moſt bleſſed interceſſion
All offices in the ſtate, were charitably
Confer'd on Panders, o're-worne chamber wreſtlers,
And ſuch phyſicians as knew how to kill
With ſafety under the pretence of ſaving,
And ſuch like children of a monſtrous peace,
That ſhe I ſay ſhould at the length provid
That men of warre, and honeſt younger brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their cod-peece,
Should be eſteem'd of more than mothers or drones,
Or idle vagabonds.
Theod. I am glad to heare it,
Prethee what courſe takes ſhee to doe this?
Vitry. One that cannot faile, ſhee and vertuous traine,
With her jewels, and all that was worthy the carrying,
The laſt night left the court, and as 'tis more
Then ſaid, for 'tis confirm'd by ſuch as met her.
She's fled unto your brother.
Theod. How?
Vitry. Nay ſtorme not,
For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and *Thierry* be a Prince
Of ſuch a fiery temper, as report
Has given him out for; you ſhall have cauſe to uſe (too
Such poore men as my ſelfe; and thanke us
For comming to you, and without petitions;
Pray heaven reward the good old woman for't.
Mirt. I foreſaw this.
Theod. I heare a tempeſt comming,
That ſings mine & my kingdomes ruine, haſt,

And cauſe a troope of horſe to fetch her back:
Yet ſtay, why ſhould I uſe meanes to bring in
A plague that of her ſelfe hath left me? Muſter
Our Souldiers up, we'ele ſtand upon our gard,
For we ſhall be attempted; yet forbeare
The inequality of our powers will yeeld me
Nothing but loſſe in their defeature: ſomething
Muſt be done, and done ſuddainly, ſave your labor,
In this i'le uſe no counſell but mine owne,
That courſe though dangerous is beſt. Command
Our daughter be in readineſſe, to attend us:
Martell, your company, and honoſt *Vitry*,
Thou wilt along with me.
Vitry. Yes any where,
To be worſe then I am here, is paſt my feare.
Exeunt.

Act. 2. *Scæ*. 1.

Enter Thierry, Brunhalt, Bawdber, Lecure, &c.

Thier. You are here in a ſanctuary; and that viper
(Who ſince he hath forgot to be a ſonne,
I much diſdaine to thinke of as a brother)
Had better in deſpight of all the gods,
To have raized their Temples, and ſpurn'd downe their altars,
Then in his impious abuſe of you,
To have called on my juſt anger.
Brun. Princely ſonne;
And in this worthy of a neere name,
I have in the relation of my wrongs
Been modeſt, and no word my tongue delivered
T'expreſſe my inſupportable injuries,
But gave my heart a wound: nor has my grief
Being from what I ſuffer; but that he
Degenerate as he is, ſhould be the actor
Of my extreames; and force me to devide
The fiers of brotherly affection,
Which ſhould make but one flame.
Thier. That part of his
As it deſerves ſhall burne no more, if or
The teares of Orphans, widdows, or all ſuch
As dare acknowledge him to be their Lord,
Ioyned to your wrongs, with his heart blood have powre (vants,
To put it out: and you, and theſe your ſer-
Who in our favours ſhal finde cauſe to know
In that they left not you, how deere we hold them;
Shall give *Theodoret* to underſtand,
His ignorance of the prizeleſſe Iewel, which
He did poſſeſſe in you, mother in you,
Of which I am more proud to be the doner,
Then if the abſolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand; once more you are welcome,
Which with all ceremony due to greatneſſe
I would make knowne, but that our juſt revenge (rall.
Admits not of delay; your hand Lord Gene-

Enter Protaldie, with ſouldiers.

Brun. Your favour and his merit I may ſay
Have made him ſuch, but I am jelious how
Your ſubjects will receive it.
Thier. How my ſubjects?
What doe you make of me? Oh heaven! my ſubjects! (Prince
How baſe ſhould I eſteeme the name of
If that poore duſt, were any thing before
The whirlewinde of my abſolute command?
Let them be happy and reſt ſo contented?
They pay the tribute of their harts & knees,
To ſuch a Prince that not alone h'as power,
To keepe his owne but to increaſe it; that
Although he hath a body may adde too
The fam'd night labour of ſtrong *Hercules*:
Yet is the maſter of a continence
That ſo can temper it, that I forbeare
Their daughters, and their wives, whoſe hands though ſtrong,
As yet have never drawne by unjuſt meane
Their proper wealth into my treaſury,
But I grow glorious, and let them beware
That in their leaſt repining at my pleaſures,
They change not a milde Prince, (for if provok'd
I dare and will be ſo) into a Tyrant.
Brun. You ſee there's hope that we ſhall rule againe,
And your falne fortunes riſe.

Bawdb. I hope your Highneſſe
Is pleas'd that I ſhould ſtill hold my place with you
For I have been ſo long us'd to provide you
Freſh bits of fleſh ſince mine grew ſtale, that ſurely
If caſhir'd now, I ſhall prove a bad Cator
In the Fiſh-market of cold chaſtity,
Lecure. For me I am your owne, nor ſince I firſt
Knew what it was to ſerve you, have remembred
I had a ſoule, but ſuch a one whoſe eſſence
Depended wholy on your Highneſſe pleaſure,
And therefore Madam---
Brun. Reſt aſſur'd you are,
Such inſtruments we muſt not loſe.
Lecure. Bawdb. Our ſervice.
Thier. You have view'd them then, what's your opinion of them?
In this dull time of peace, we have prepar'd them
Apt for the war. Ha?
Prota Sir, they have limbes (armors
That promiſe ſtrength ſufficient, and rich
The Souldiers beſt lov'd wealth: more it appeares
They have beene drill'd, nay very prettily drill'd
For many of them can diſcharge their muſkets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offenſive to the ſtanders by,
By ſweating too much backwards; nay I finde
They know the right, and left hand file, and may
With ſome impulſion no doubt be brought
To paſſe the *A, B, C,* of war, and come
Vnto the Horne-booke.
Thier. Well, that care is yours;
And ſee that you effect it.
Prota. I am ſlow
To promiſe much; but if within ten dayes,
By precepts and examples, not drawne from
Worme eaten preſidents of the *Roman* wars
But from mine owne, I make them not tranſcend
All that e're yet bore armes, let it be ſaid,
Protaldye bragges, which would be unto me
As hateſull as to be eſtem'd a coward:
For Sir, few Captaines know the way to win him, (ſeeme
And make the ſouldiers valiant. You ſhall
Lie with them in their trenches, talke, and drinke,
And be together drunke; and what ſeemes ſtranger,
We'le ſometimes wench together, which once practiſ'd
And with ſome other care and hidden acts,
They being al made mine, i'le breath into thē
Such feareleſſe reſolution and ſuch fervor,
That though I brought them to beſeege a fort,
Whoſe walls were ſteeple high, and cannon proofe,
Not to be undermind, they ſhould fly up,
Like ſwallowes, and the parapet once wonne;
For proofe of their obedience, if I willed them
They ſhould leape downe againe and what is more, (me,
By ſome directions they ſhould have from
Not breake their neckes.
Thi. This is above beleefe.
Brun. Sir, on my knowledge though he hath ſpoke much,
He's able to do more.
Lecure. She meanes on her.
Brun. And howſoever in his thankfulneſſe,
For ſome few favors done him by my ſelfe,
He left *Auſtracia*, not *Theodoret*, (laid
Though he was chiefely aim'd at, could have
Withall his Dukedomes power, that ſhame upon him,
Which in his barbarous malice to my honor,
He ſwore with threats to effect.
Thier. I cannot but
Beleeve you Madam, thou art one degree
Growne neerer to my hart, and I am proud
To have in thee ſo glorious a plant
Tranſported hither; in thy conduct, we
Go on aſſur'd of conqueſt, our remove
Shall be with the next ſunne.
Enter Theoderet, Memberge, Martell, Devitry.
Lecure. Amazement leave me, 'tis hee.
Bawdb. We are againe undone.
Prot. Our guilt hath no aſſurance nor defence.

Bawdb. If now your ever ready wit faile
to protect us,
We ſhall be all diſcoverde
Brun. Be not ſo
In your amazement and your fooliſh feares,
I am prepared for't.
Theod. How? Not one poore welcome,
In anſwer of ſo long a jorney made
Onely to ſee your brother.
Thier. I have ſtood
Silent thus long, and am yet unreſolu'd
Whether to entertaine thee on my ſword,
As fits a parricide of a mothers honor;
Or whether being a Prince, I yet ſtand
bound
(Thongh thou art here condemn'd) to give
thee hearing
Before I axecute. What fooliſh hope,
(Nay pray you forbeare) or deſperate mad-
neſſe rather,
(Vnleſſe thou comeſt aſſurde, I ſtand in debt
As far to all impiety as thy ſelfe)
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe?
Since looking onely here, it cannot but
Draw freſh blood from thy fear'd up con-
ſcience,
To make thee ſencible of that horror, which
They ever beare about them, that like *Nero*,
Like ſaid I? thou are worſe: ſince thou dareſt
ſtrive
In her defame to murther thine alive.
Theod. That ſhe that long ſince had the
boldnes to
Be a bad woman, (though I wiſh ſome other
Should ſo report her) could not want the
cunning, (lours
(Since they go hand in hand) to lay faire co-
On her blacke crimes, I was reſolu'd before,
Nor make I doubt but that ſhee hath im-
poyſon'd
Your good opinion of me, and ſo far
Incens'd your rage againſt me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.
Brun. To excuſe thy impious ſcandalls
rather.
Prot. Rather forc'd with feare to be com-
pel'd to come.
Thierry Forbeare.
Theod. This moves not mee, and yet had I
not beene
Tranſported on my owne integrity,
I neither am ſo odious to my ſubjects,
Nor yet ſo barren of defence, but that
By force I could have juſtified my guilt,
Had I been faulty, but ſince innocence
Is to it ſelfe an hundred thouſand gardes,
And that there is no ſonne, but though he
owe
That name to an ill mother, but ſtands bound
Rather to take away with his owne danger
From the number of her faults, then for his
owne
Security, to adde unto them. This,
This hath made me to prevent th'expence
Of bloud on both ſides, the injuries, the
rapes,
(Pages, that ever waite upon the war:)
The accompt of all which, ſince you are the
cauſe,
Believe it, would have been required from
you;
Rather I ſay to offer up my daughter,
Who living onely could revenge my death,
With my hart blood a ſacrifice to your anger
Then that you ſhould draw on your head
more curſes
Then yet you have deſerved.
Thier. I do begin
To feele an alteration in my nature,
And in his full ſail'd confidence, a ſhowre
Of gentle raine, that falling on the fire
Of my hot rage hath quenched it, ha! I
would (will
Once more ſpeake roughly to him, and I
Yet there is ſome thing whiſpers to me, that
I have ſaid too much. How is my heart de-
vided
Betweene the duty of a ſonne, and love
Due to a brother! yet I am ſwayed heere,
And muſt aske of you, how tis poſſible
You can effect me that have learned to hate,
Where you ſhould pay all love?
Theod. Which joynde with duty,
Vpon my knees I ſhould be proud to tender,
Had ſhe not us'd her ſelfe ſo many ſwords
To cut thoſe bonds that tide me to it.
Thier. Fie no more of that.
Theod. Alas it is a theame,
I take no pleaſure to diſcourſe of; would
It could aſſoone be buried to the world,
As it ſhould die to me: nay more, I wiſh
(Next to my part of heaven) that ſhee would
ſpend The

The last part of her life so here, that all
Indifferent Judges might condemne me, for
A most malicious slanderer, nay texde it
Vpon my forehead, if you hate me mother,
Put me to such a shame, pray you do, believe it
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equall the delight I should receive
In that disgrace; provided the repeale
Of your long banish'd vertues, and good name,
Vsher'd me to it.

Thier. See, she shewes her selfe
An easie mother, which her teares confirme.

Theod. Tis a good signe, the comfortablest raine
I ever saw.

Thier. Embrace: why this is well,
May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part rise between you.

Baudb. Do you heare Lord Generall,
Does not your new stamped honor on the suddaine
Begin to grow sicke?

Prota. Yes I finde it fit,
That putting off my armor I should think of
Some honest hospitall to retire to.

Bawdb. Sure although I am a bawd, yet being a Lord. (pinion?
They cannot whip me for't, what's your o-

Lecure. The beadle will resolve you, for I cannot, (my selfe,
There is something that more neer concerns
That calls upon me.

Mart. Note but yonder scarabes,
That liude upon the dunge of her base pleasures, (honest
How from the feare that she may yet prove
Hange downe their wicked heads.

Vitry. What is that to me? (Court,
Though they and all the polcats of the
Were trust together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardekue,
To helpe to keepe me honost. *A horne.*

Enter a Post.

Thier. How, from whence?

Post. These letters will resolve your grace.

Thier. What speake they? *Reades:*
How all things meete to make me this day hppy?
See mother, brother, to your reconcilement
Another blessing almost equall to it,
Is comming towards me; my contracted wife
Ordella daughter of wise *Datarick*
The King of *Aragon* is on our confines;
Then to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honor with your presence
Our long defer'd, but much wished nuptiall,
Falls out above expression; heaven be plea'd
That I may use these blessings powerd on me
With moderation.

Brun. Hell and furies ayde me,
That I may have power to avert the plagues
That presse upon me.

Thier. Two dayes journy sayest thou,
We will set forth to meete her, in the meane time
See all things be preparde to entertaine her
Nay let me have your companies, there's a Forrest
In the mid way shall yeild us hunting sport,
To ease our travale, ile not have a brow
But shall weare mirth upon it, therefore cleer them.
We'ele wash away, all sorrow in glad feasts
And the war we meane to men, we'le make on beasts.

Exeunt omnes, præter Brun. Bawdber, Portaldy, Lecure.

Brun. Oh that I had the Magicke to transforme you
Into the shape of such, that your own hounds
Might teare you peece-meale; are you so stupid? (thers
No word of comfort? have I fed you mo-
From my excesse of moysture, with such cost
And can yon yeild no other retribution,
But to devour your maker, pandar sponge,
Impoysner, all growne barren?

Prota. You your selfe
That are our mover, and for whom alone
Wee live, have fail'd your self ingiving way
To the reconcilement of your sonnes.

Lecure. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might againe be severd, we could easily
Remove all other hindrances that stop
The passage of your pleasures.

Bawdb. And for me,
If I faile in my office to provide you
Fresh delicates, hang me.

Brun. Oh you are dull, and finde not
The cause of my vexation; their reconcilement
Is a mock-castle built upon the sand
By children, which when I am pleas'd to o'rethrow,
I can with ease spurne downe.
Lecure. If so, from whence
Growes your affliction?
Brun. My griefe comes along
With the new Queene, in whose grace all my power
Must suffer shipwrack: for me now,
That hitherto have kept the first, to know
A second place, or yeeld the least precedence
To any others death; to have my sleepes
Lesse enquir'd after, or my rising up
Saluted with lesse reverence, or my gates
Empty of suitors, or the Kings great favours
To passe through any hand but mine, or hee
Himselfe to be directed by another,
Would bee to mee: doe you understand mee, yet
No meanes to prevent this.
Prota. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of chastity
Not to bee wrought upon; and therefore Madam
For mee, though I have pleas'd you, to attempt her
Were to no purpose.
Brun. Tush, some other way.
Bawdb. Faith I know none else, all my bringing up
Aim'd at no other learning.
Lecure. Give me leave,
If my art faile mee not, I have thought on
A speeding project.
Brun. What i'st? but effect it,
And thou shalt be my *Æsculapius*,
Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which i'le fall downe and worship it.
Lecure. The Lady is faire.
Brun. Exceeding faire.
Lecure. And young.
Brun. Some fifteene at the most.
Lecure. And loves the King with equall ardor.
Brun. More, she dotes on him.
Lecure. Well then, what thinke you if I make a drinke
Which given unto him on the bridall night
Shall for five dayes so rob his faculties,
Of all ability to pay that duty,
Which new made wives expect, that she shall sweare
She is not match'd to a man.
Prota. 'Twere rare.
Lecure. And then,
If she have any part of woman in her,
She'le or fly out, or at least give occasion
Of such a breach which nere can bee made up,
Since he that to all else did never faile
Of as much as could be perform'd by man
Proves only ice to her.
Brun. Tis excellent.
Bawdb. The Physician
Helps ever at a dead lift; a fine calling,
That can both raise, and take downe, out upon thee.
Brun. For this one service I am ever thine,
Prepare it; ile give it him my selfe, for you
Protaldye,
By this kisse, and our promis'd sport at night,
(Doe conjure you to beare up, not minding
The opposition of *Theodoret*,
Or any of his followers; what so ere
You are, yet appeare valiant, and make good
The opinion that is had of you: for my selfe
In the new Queenes remove, being made secure,
Feare not, ile make the future building sure,
Exeunt.

Wind hornes.

Enter Theodoret, Thierry.

Theod. This Stag stood well, and cunningly.
Thierry. My horse,
I am sure, has found it, for her sides are
Blooded from flanke to shoulder, where's the troope?

Enter Martell.

Theodoret. Past homeward, weary and tir'd as we are,
Now *Martell*, have you remembred what we thought of?
Mart. Yes Sir, I have snigled him, and if there be Any

Any desert in his blood, beside the itch,
Or manly heat, but what decoctions
Leaches, and callises have cram'd into him,
Your Lordship shall know perfect.
Thier. What's that, may not I know too?
Theod. Yes Sir,
To that end we cast the project.
Thierry. What i'st?
Mart. A desire Sir,
Upon the gilded flag your Graces favour
Has stuck up for a Generall, and to informe you,
For this houre hee shall passe the test, what valour,
Staid judgement, soule, or safe discretion
Your mothers wandring eyes, and your obedience
Have flung upon us, to assure your knowledge,
Hee can bee, dare bee, shall bee, must bee nothing,
Loade him with piles of honours; set him off
With all the cunning foyles that may deceive us:
But a poore, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected, undone, foole,
And most unheard of coward, a meere lumpe
Made to loade beds withall, and like a night-mare,
Ride Ladies that forget to say their prayers,
One that dares onely bee diseased, and in debt,
Whose body mewes more plaisters every nionth,
Than women doe old faces.
Thier. No more, I know him,
I now repent my error, take your time
And try him home, ever thus far reserv'd,
You tie your anger up.
Mart. I lost it else Sir.
Thier. Bring me his sword fair taken without violence.
For that will best declare him.
Theod. That's the thing.
Thier. And my best horse is thine.
Mart. Your Graces servant. *Exit.*
Theod. You'le hunt no more Sir.
Thier. Not to day, the weather
Is growne too warme, besides the dogs are spent,
Wee'l take a cooler morning, let's to horse,
And hollow in the troope.
Exeunt. *Wind hornes.*

Enter 2 Huntsmen.

1. I marry Twainer,
This woman gives indeed, these are the Angels
That are the keepers saints.
2. I like a woman
That handles the deeres dowsets with discretion;
And payes us by proportion.
1. Tis no treason
To thinke this good old Lady has a stump yet
That may require a corrall.
2. And the bells too.

Enter Protaldye.

Shee has lost a friend of mee else, but here's the clarke,
No more for feare ath bell-ropes.
Prota. How now Keepers,
Saw you the King?
1. Yes Sir, hee's newly mounted,
And as we take't ridden home.
Pro. Farewell then.
Exit. Keepers

Enter Martell.

My honour'd Lord, Fortune has made mee happy
To meet with such a man of men to side me.
Protald. How sir, I know ye not
Nor what your fortune meanes.
Mart. Few words shall serve, I am betraide Sir:
Innocent and honest; malice and violence.
Are both against mee, basely and fowlely layd for;
For my life Sir, danger is now about me,
Now in my throat Sir.
Protald. Where sir?
Mart. Nay I feare not,
And let it now powre downe in stormes upon me,
I have met with a noble guard,
Prot. Your meaning Sir,
For I have present businesse.
Mart. O my Lord,

Your honourcannot leave a gentleman.
At leaſt a faire deſigne of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profeſſion
Hatch't in, and made one peece in ſuch a perill,
There are but ſix my Lord.
Prot. What ſix?
Mart. Six villaines ſworne, and in pay to kill mee.
Protaldye. Six?
Mart. Alas Sir, what can ſix doe, or ſixe ſcore now you are preſent,
Your name will blow em off, ſay they have ſhot too,
Who dare preſent a peece? your valour's proofe Sir.
Prot. No, i'le aſſure you Sir, nor my diſcretion
Againſt a multitude; 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough:
But wiſedome Sir, and weight of what is on me,
In which I am no more mine owne, nor yours Sir,
Nor as I take it any ſingle danger,
But what concerns my place, tels me directly,
Beſide my perſon, my faire reputation,
If I thruſt into crowds, and ſeeke occaſions
Suffers opinion, ſix? Why *Hercules*
Avoyded two men, yet not to give example:
But only for your preſent dangers ſake Sir,
Were there but foure Sir, I car'd not if I killd them,
They will ſerve to whet my ſword.
Mart. There are but foure Sir,
I did miſtake them, but foure ſuch as *Europe*
Excepting your great valour.
Prot. Well conſiderd,
I will not meddle with um, foure in honour,
Are equall with foureſcore, beſides they are people
Only directed by their fury.
Mart. So much nobler ſhall bee your way of juſtice.
Prot. That I find not.
Mart. You will not leave me thus?
Prot. I would not leave you, but looke you Sir,
Men of my place and buſineſſe, muſt not
Be queſtioned thus.
Mart. You cannot paſſe Sir,
Now they have ſeene mee with you without danger. (two.
They are here Sir within hearing, take but
Prot. Let the law take um take a tree Sir,
Ile take my horſe, that you may keepe
with ſafety, (this houre
If they have brought no hand-ſawes, within
Ile ſend you reſcue, and a toyle to take um.
Mart. You ſhall not goe ſo poorely, ſtay but one Sir.
Prot. I have beene ſo hamperde with theſe reſcues,
So hewde and torturde, that the truth is Sir,
I have mainely vowde againſt um, yet for your ſake,
If as you ſay there be but one, ile ſtay.
And ſee faire play a both ſides.
Mart. There is no
More Sir, and as I doubt a baſe one too.
Prot. Fie on him, goe lugge him out by the eares.
Mart. Yes,
This is he Sir, the baſeſt in the kingdome.
Prot. Doe you know me?
Mart Yes, for a generall foole,
A knave, a coward, and upſtart ſtallion bawb.
Beaſt, barking puppy, that dares not bite.
Prot. The beſt man beſt knowes patience
Mart. Yes,
This way Sir, now draw your ſword, and right you,
Or render it to me, for one you ſhall doe.
Pro. If wearing it may do you any honor,
I ſhall be glad to grace you, there it is Sir.
Mart Now get you home, and telll your Lady Miſtris,
Shee has ſhot up a ſweet muſhrump, quit your place too,
And ſay you are counſelde well, thou wilt be beaten elſe
By thine owne lancepriſadoes; when they know thee,
That tunns of oyl of roſes will not cure thee;
Goe get you to your foyning worke at Court, (ton;
And learne to ſweat againe, and eat dry mut-
An armor like a froſt will ſearch your bones,
And make you roare you rogue; not a reply,
For if you doe, your eares goe off.

Prot.

Prot. Stil patience. *Exeunt.*

Loud muſick. A Banbuet ſet out.

Enter Trierry, Ordella, Brunhalt, Theodoret, Lecure, Bawdber. &c.

Thier. It is your place, and though in all things elſe
You may and ever ſhall command mee, yet
In this ile bee obeyde.

Ordella. Sir, the conſent,
That made me yours, ſhall never teach me to
Repent I am ſo, yet bee you but pleaſde
To give mee leave to ſay ſo much; the honour
You offer mee were better given to her,
To whom you owe the power of giving.

Thier, Mother,
You heare this and rejoyce in ſuch a bleſſing
That payes to you ſo large a ſhare of duty,
But fie no more, for as you hold a place
Neerer my heart than ſhee, you muſt ſit neëreſt
To all thoſe graces, that are in the power
Of Majeſty to beſtow.

Brun. Which ile provide,
Shall bee ſhort liude, *Lecure.*

Lecure. I have it ready.

Brun. 'Tis well, waite on our cup.

Lecure. You honour me.

Thier. We are dull,
No object to provoke mirth.

Theod. *Martell,*
If you remember Sir, will grace your Feaſt
With ſome thing that will yeld matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.

Thier. Touching *Protaldye.*

Theod. You have it.

Brun. What of him, I feare his baſeneſſe *aſide*
In ſpight of all the titles that my favours
Have cloth'd him, which will make diſcovery
Of what is yet conceal'd.

Enter Martell.

Theod. Looke Sir, he has it,
Nay wee ſhall have peace when ſo great a ſouldier
As the renoun'd *Protaldye*, will give up
His ſword rather then uſe it.

Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head. *aſide*

Thier. Pray you ſpeake,
How wonne you him to part from't?

Mart. Wonne him Sir,
He would have yielded it upon his knees
Before hee would have hazarded the exchange (mee,
Of a phillip of the forehead: had you will'd
I durſt have undertooke he ſhould have ſent you
His noſe, provided that the loſſe of it
Might have ſav'd the reſt of his face: hee is Sir
The moſt unutterable coward that ere nature
Bleſt with hard ſhoulders, which were onley given him,
To the ruine of baſtinados.

Thierry Poſſible.

Theod. Obſerve but how ſhe frets.

Mart. Why beleeve it:
But that I know the ſhame of this diſgrace,
Will make the beaſt to live with ſuch, and never
Preſume to come more among men; i'le hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should ſcourge him hither like a pariſh top,
And make him dance before you.

Brun. Slave thou lieſt,
Thou dar'ſt aſwell ſpeake treaſon in the hearing
Of thoſe that have the power to puniſh it,
As the leaſt ſillable of this before him,
But 'tis thy hate to me.

Martell. Nay, pray you Madam,
I have no eares too heare you, though a foote
To let you underſtand what he is,

Brun Villaine.

Theod. You are to violent.

Enter Protaldye.

The worſt that can come
Is blanketting; for beating, and ſuch vertues
I have been long acquainted with.

Mart. Oh ſtrange!

Bawdb. Behold the man you talke of,

Brun. Give me leave,
Or free thy (ſelfe think in what place you are)
From the foule imputation that is laid
Vpon thy valour (be bold, i'le protect you)
Or here I vow (deny it or forſweare it)
Theſe honours which thou weareſt unworthily,

Which

Which be but impudent enough and keepe them,
Shall be torne from thee with thy eyes.
Prot. I have it,
My valour! is there any here beneath,
The ſtile of king, dares queſtion it?
Thier. This is rare.
Prot. Which of my actions, which have ſtill been noble,
Has rendred me ſuſpected?
Thierry. Nay *Martell*,
You muſt not fall off.
Mart. Oh Sir, feare it not,
Doe you know this ſword?
Prot. Yes.
Mart. Pray you on what termes
Did you part with it?
Prota. Part with it ſay you?
Mert. So.
Thier. Nay ſtudy not an anſwer, confeſſe freely.
Prota. Oh I remember't now, at the ſtags falls,
As we to day were hunting, a poore fellow,
And now I view you better, I may ſay
Much of your pitch: this filly rech I ſpoke of
With his petition falling at my feet,
(Which much againſt my will he kiſt,) deſir'd
That as a ſpecial meanes for his preferment,
I would vochſafe to let him uſe my ſword,
To cut off the ſtags head,
Brun. Will you heare that?
Bawdb. This lie beares a ſimilitude of truth.
Prota. I ever courteous, (a great weakeneſſe in me)
Granted his humble ſuite.
Mart. Oh impudence?
Thier. This change is excellent,
Mart. A word with you,
Denie it not, I was that man diſguiſde,
You know my temper, and as you reſpect
A dayly cudgelling for one whole yeare,
Without a ſecond pulling by the eares,
Or tweakes by the noſe, or the moſt pretious balme
You us'd of patience, patience do you marke me,
Confeſſe before theſe kings with what baſe feare
Thou didſt deliver it.
Prot. Oh! I ſhall burſt,
And if I have not inſtant liberty
To teare this fellow limbe by limbe, the wrong.
Will breake my hart, although *Herculean*,
And ſomewhat bigger; there's my gage, pray you here
Let me redeeme my credit.
Thierry. Ha, ha, forbeare.
Mart. Pray you let me take it up, and if I do not
Againſt all ods of armor and of weapons,
With this make him confeſſe it on his knees
Cut off my head.
Prot. No, that is my office.
Bawdb. Fie, you take the hangmans place.
Ordella. Nay good my Lord
Let me attone this difference; do not ſuffer
Our bridall night to be the Centaures feaſt,
You are a knight and bound by oath to grant
All juſt ſuits unto Ladies; for my ſake
Forget your ſuppos'd wrong.
Prot. Well, let him thanke you,
For your ſake he ſhall live, perhaps a day,
And may be, on ſubmiſſion longer,
Theod. Nay, *Martell*, you muſt be patient.
Mart. I am yours,
And this ſlave ſhall be once more mine.
Thier. Sit all;
One health, and ſo to bed, for I too long
Deferre my choiſeſt delicates.
Brun. Which if poyſon
Have any Power, thou ſhalt like *Tantalus*
Behold and never taſte; be carefull.
Lecure. Feare not.
Brun. Though it be rare in our ſex, yet for once
I will begin a health.
Thier. Let it come freely.
Brun. *Lecure*, the cup; heere to the ſonne we hope
This night ſhall be an Embrion.
Thierry. You have nam'd
A bleſſing that I moſt deſir'd, I pledge you,
Give me a larger cup, that is too little
Vnto ſo great a god.
Brun. Nay, then you wrong me,
Follow as I began.
Thierry. Well as you pleaſe.
Brun. Iſt done?

Lecure. Vnto your wish, I warrant you,
For this night I durst trust him with my mother.
Thier. So, 'tis gone round, lights.
Brun. Pray you use my service.
Ordella. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you Madam, (don me.
And must have none from you, pray you par-
Thier. Good rest to all.
Theod. And to you pleasant labour.
Mart. Your company, Madam good night
Exeunt all, but Brunhalt, Portal. Lecure, Bawdber.
Brun. Nay you have cause to blush, but I will hide it,
And what's more I forgive you; ist not pitty
That thou that art the first to enter combat
With any woman, and what is more, orecome her, (fearefull
In which shee is best pleas'd, should be so
To meete a man.
Prot. Why would you have me lose
That bloud that is dedicated to your service
In any other qaurrell.
Brun. No, reserve it.
As I will study to preserve thy credit,
You sirha; be't your care to find out on
That is poore though valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeeme my servants reputation,
Receive a publique baffling.
Bawdb. VVould your Highnesse
VVere pleas'd to informe mee better of your purpose. (box'd
Brun VVhy one Sir, thatwould thus be
Or kick'd, doe you apprehend me now?
Bawdb. I feele you Madam, (Lord,
The man that shall receive this from my
Shall have a thousand crownes.
Prot. Hee shall, *Bawd.* besides
His day of bastinadoing past o're,
Hee shall not lose your Grace, nor your good favour.
Brun. That shall make way to it.
Bawdb. It must be a man
Of credit in the Court, that is to be
The foyle unto your valour.
Brot. True, it should.
Bawdb. And if hee have place there, 'tis not the worse.
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Bawdb. If he be a Lord,
'Twill be the greater grace
Brun. Thou art in the right.
Bawdb. Why then behold that valiant man and Lord,
That for your sake will take a cudgelling,
For be assu'd when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with mee, they'le give you out
For one of the nine Worthies.
Brun. Out you pandar,
Why to beate thee is only exercise
For such as doe affect it, lose not time
In vaine replies, but doe it: come my sollace
Let us to bed, and our desires once quench'd
Weele there determine of *Theodorets* death
For he's the Engine us'd to ruine us;
Yet one worke more, *Lecure*, art thou assurde
The potion will worke,
Lecure. My life upon it, (with
Brun. Come my *Protaldye*, then glut mee
Those best delights of man, that are deni'd
To her that does expect them, being a bride.

Act. 3. *Scæ.* 1.

Enter Thierry and Ordella, as from bed.

Thier. Sure I have drunke the blood of Elephants.
The teares of mandrake and the marble dew,
Mixt in my draught, have quencht my naturall heate,
And left no sparke of fire but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries:
Yee wretched flames which play upon my sight,
Turne inward, make mee all one peece, though earth.
My teares shall overwhelme you else too.
Ordella. What moves my Lord to this strange sadnesse?
If any late discerned want in me,
Give cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painefull way to recompence.
Thier. Are you yet frozen veines, feele you a breath,
Whose temperate heate would make the North starre reele,
Her icie pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt?
Draw neerer, yet neerer, (sesse
That from thy barren kisse thou maist con-

I have not heate enough to make a bluſh.
Ordella. Speake neerer to my underſtanding, like a huſband,
Thier. How ſhould he ſpeak the language of a huſband, (voice?
Who wants the tongue and organs of his
Ordella. It is a phraſe will part with the ſame eaſe
From you with that you now deliver.
Thier. Bind not his eares up with ſo dull a charme
Who hath no other ſence left, open; why ſhould thy words
Find more reſtraint than thy free ſpeaking actions,
Thy cloſe imbraces and thy mid-night ſighes
The ſilent orators to ſlow deſire?
Ordella Strive not to winne content from ignorance
Which muſt be loſt in knowledge: heaven can witneſſe
My fartheſt hope of good reacht at your pleaſure,
VVhich ſeeing alone may in your looke bee read:
Adde not a doubtfull comment to a text
That in it ſelfe is direct and eaſie.
Thier. Oh thou haſt drunke the juice of hemlocke too,
Or did upbraided nature make this paire
To ſhew ſhee had not quite forgot her firſt
Juſtly prais'd workemanſhip, the firſt chaſt couple
Before the want of joy, taught guilty ſight
A way through ſhame and ſorrow to delight:
Say, may we mixe as in their innocence
VVhen turtles kiſt, to confirme happineſſe,
Not to beget it.
Ordella. I know no bar.
Thier. Should I beleeve thee, yet thy pulſe beates woman,
And ſayes the name of wife did promiſe thee
The bleſt reward of duty to thy mother,
VVho gave ſo often witneſſe of her joy,
VVhen ſhee did boaſt thy likeneſſe to her Husband.
Ordella. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a ſecond to your ſelfe,
VVas only worthy of my Virgin loſſe;
And ſhould I prize you leſſe unpattern'd Sir,
Then being exemplified, i'ſt not more honor
To be poſſeſſor of unequal'd vertue,
Then what is parallel'd? give me beleife,
The name of mother knowes no way of good,
More then the end in mee: who weds for luſt
Is oft a widow; when I married you,
I loſt the name of maide to gaine a title
Above the wiſh of change, which that part can
Only maintaine, is ſtill the ſame in man,
His vertue and his calme ſociety, (diſſolve,
Which no gray haires can threaten to
Nor wrinkles bury.
Thier. Confine thy ſelfe to ſilence, leſt thou take
That part of reaſon from me is only left
To give perſwaſion to me, I am a man:
Or ſay thou haſt never ſeene the rivers haſte
With glad-ſome ſpeed to meete the amorous ſea.
Ordella. We are but to praiſe the coolneſſe of their ſtreames.
Thier. Nor view'd the kids taught by their luſtfull fires,
Purſue each other through the wanton lawnes,
And lik't the ſport.
Ordella. As it made way unto their envied reſt (eyes.
With weary knots binding their harmleſſe
Thier. Nor doe you know the reaſon why the Dove,
One of the paire your hands wont houreſy feed,
So often clipt and kiſt her hahpy mate.
Ordella. Unleſſe it were to welcome his wiſht ſight,
VVhoſe abſence onely gave her mourning voice.
Thierry. And you could dove-like to a ſingle object
Binde your looſe ſpirits to one, nay ſuch a one
VVhom only eyes and ears muſt flatter good,
Your ſurer ſence made uſeleſſe, my ſelfe, nay
As in my all of good already knowne.
Ordella. Let proofe plead for mee, let me be mew'd up (owne;
VVhere never eye may reach mee but your
And when I ſhall repent, but in my lookes,
if ſigh, *Thier.*

Thier. Or ſhed a teare that's warme.
Ordella. But in your ſadneſſe.
Thier. Or when you heare the birds call for their mates.
Aske if it be St. *Valentine*, their coupling day.
Ordella. If any thing may make a thought ſuſpected
Of knowing any happineſſe but you,
Divorce mee by the title of moſt falſhood.
Thier. Oh who would know a wife, that might have ſuch a friend?
Poſterity henceforth loſe the name of bleſſing
And leave the earth inhabited to people heaven.
Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, Martell, Protaldye.
Mart. All happineſſe to *Thierry* and *Ordella.*
Thier. 'Tis a deſire but borrowed from me, my happineſſe
Shall be the period of all good mens wiſhes,
Which friends, nay dying fathers ſhall bequeath,
And in my one give all: is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any vertue I have right to? here, place it heare,
Ordellas name ſhall onely beare command,
Rule, title, ſoverainty.
Brun. What paſſion ſwayes my ſon?
Thier. O mother, ſhe has doubled every good
The travaile of your blood made poſſible
To my glad being.
Prot. He ſhould have done
Little to her, he is ſo light harted;
Thier. Brother, friends, if honor unto ſhame
If wealth to want in large the preſent ſence,
My joyes are unbounded, inſteed of queſtion
Let it be envy, not bring a preſent
To the high offering of our mirth, banquets, and maskes; (malice,
Keepe waking our delights, mocking nights
Whoſe darke brow would fright pleaſure from us,
Our court be but one ſtange of Revells, and each ye
The ſceane where our content moves.
Theod. There ſhall want
Nothing to expreſſe our ſhares in your delight Sir.
Mart. Till now I ne're repented the eſtate Of widdower.
Thier. Muſique, why art thou ſo ſlow voyce? it ſtaies thy preſence
My *Ordella*, this chamber is a ſpheare
Too narrow for thy al-moving vertue.
Make way, free way I ſay;
Who muſt alone, her ſexes want ſupply,
Had need to have a roome both large and high.
Mart. This paſſion's above utterance.
Theod. Nay credulity.
Exit all but Thierry, Brunhalt.
Brun. Why ſonne what meane you, are you a man?
Thier. No mother I am no man, were I a man?
How could I be thus happy?
Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then?
Thier. That being no man, I am married to no woman;
The beſt of men in full ability,
Can onely hope to ſatisfie a wife,
And for that hope ridiculous, I in my want
And ſuch defective poverty, that to her bed
From my firſt cradell brought no ſtrength but thought,
Have met a temperance beyond hers that rockt me,
Neceſſity being her bar; where this
Is ſo much ſenceleſſe of my depriv'd fire,
She knowes it not a loſſe by her deſire.
Brun. It is beyond my admiration.
Thier, Beyond your ſexes faith,
The unripe virgins of our age to heai't
Will dreame themſelves to women, and convert
The example to a miracle.
Brun. Alas 'tis your defect moves my amazement,
But what ill can be ſeperate from ambition?
Cruell *Theodoret.*
Thierry. What of my brother?
Brun. That to his name your barreneſſe adds rule;
Who loving the effect, would not be ſtrange
In favouring the cauſe; looke on the profit,
And gaine will quickly point the miſchiefe out.
Thier. The name of father to what I poſſeſſe

Is shame and care.

Brun. Were we begot to single happinesse
I grant you; but from such a wife, such virtue
To get an heire, what hermet would not finde
Deserving argument to breake his vow
Even in his age of chastity?

Thier. You teach a deafe man language.

Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease,
Have you heard of one *Forts*?

Thier. A learn'd Astronomer, great Magician,
Who lives hard-by retir'd.

Brun. Repaire to him, with the just houre and place
Of your nativity; fooles are amaz'd at fate,
Griefes but conceal'd are never desperate.

Thier. You have timely wakn'd me, nor shall I sleepe
Without the satisfaction of his art

Exit Thierry. *Enter Lecure.*

Brun. Wisedome prepares you to't, *Lecure*, met happily.

Lecure. The ground answers your purpose, the conveniance
Being secure and easie, falling just
Behind the state set for *Theodoret*.

Brun. 'Tis well, your trust invites you to a second charge,
You know *Lefortes* cell.

Lecure. Who constellated your faire birth

Brun. Enough, I see thou knowst him, where's *Bawdber*?

Lecur. I left him carefull of the project cast,
To raise *Protaldies* credit.

Brun. A sore that must be plaster'd, in whose wound
Others shall find their graves, thinke themselves sound,
Your eare, and quickest apprehension.

Exeunt.

Enter Bawdber, and a servant.

Bawdb. This man of war will advance.

Lecure. His houres upon the stroake.

Bawdb. Wind him backe as you favour my eares,
I have no noyse in my head, my braines have hitherto
Bin imploy'd in silent businesses.

Enter Devitry.

Lecure. The gentleman is within your reach Sir. *Exit.*

Bawdb Give ground whilst I drill my wits to the encounter,
Devitry, I take it.

Devitry. All that's left of him.

Bawdb. Is there another parcell of you, if it be at pawne
I will gladly redeeme it to make you wholy mine.

Vitry. You seeke too hard a penyworth.

Bawdb. You to ill to keepe such distance, your parts have been long knowne
To me, howsoever you please to forget acquaintance

Vitry. I must confesse I have bin subject, to leawd company.

Bawdb. Thankes for your good remembrance,
You have bin a souldier *Devitry*, and borne armes.

Vitry. A couple of unprofitable ones, that have onely serv'd to get me a stomacke to my dinner.

Bawdb. Much good may it doe you Sir.

Vitry. You should have heard me say I had din'd first, I have built on an unwholsome ground, rais'd up a house before I knew a tenant, matcht to meere wearinesse, fought to find want and hunger.

Bawdb. It is time you put up your sword, and runne away for meate sir, nay if I had not withdrawne ere now, I might have kept thee; fast with you: but since the way to thrive is never late, what is the neerest course to profit thinke you?

Vitry. It may be your worship will say bawdry.

Bawdb. True sence, bawdry.

Vitry. Why is there five kinds of them, I never knew but one.

Bawdb. He shew you a new way of prostitution, fall backe, further yet, further, there is fifty crownes, do but as much to *Protaldye* the Queenes favoret, they are doubled.

Vitry. But thus much.

Bawdb. Give him but an affront as he comes to the presence, and in his drawing make way like a true bawde to his valour, the son's thy owne; if you take a scratch in the

arme

arme or so, every drop of blood weighes downe a ducket.

Vitry. After that rate, I and my friends would begger the kingdome. Sir you have made me blush to see my want, whose cure is such a cheape and easie purchase, this is male bawdery belike.

Enter Protaldy, a Lady, and Revellers.

Bawdb. See, you shall not belong earning your wages, your worke's before your eyes.

Vitry. Leave it to my handling, ile fall upon't instantly.

Bawdb. What opinion will the managing of this affaire
Bring to my wisedome? my invention tickles
With apprehension on't:

Pro. These are the joyes of marriage Lady,
VVhose sights are able to dissolve virginity.
Speake freely, do you not envy the brides felicity?

Lady. How should I, being partner of't?

Protall. VVhat you enjoy is but the banquets view,
The taste stands from your pallate; if he impart
By day so much of his content, thinke what night gave?

Vitry. VVill you have a relish of wit Lady?

Bawdb. This is the man.

Lady. If it be not deare Sir.

Vitry. If you affect cheapnesse, how can you prize this sullied ware so much? mine is fresh, my owne, not retail'd.

Prot You are sawcy sirra.

Vitry. The fitter to be in the dish with such dry stockfish as you are, how strike?

Bawdb. Remember the condition as you looke for payment.

Vitry. That boxe was left out of the bargaine.

Prot. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Bawdb. Plague of the scriveners running hand,
VVhat a blow is this to my reputation?

Enter Thierry, Theodoret, Brunhalt, Ordella, Memberge, Martell.

Thier. VVhat villaine dares this outrage?

Devitry. Heare me Sir, this creature hir'd me with fifty crownes in hand, to let *Protaldye* have the better of mee at single rapier on a made quarrell; he mistaking the weapon, layes mee over the chops with his club-fist, for which I was bold to teach him the art of memory.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Theod. Your Generall, mother, will display himselfe.
Spight of our peace I see. *Protaldy,*

Thier Forbeare these civill jarres, fie *Protaldy,*
So open in your projects, avoyd our presence sirra.

Devi. VVillingly, if you have any more wages to earne,
You see I can take paines.

Theod. There's somewhat for thy labour,
More than was promis'd, ha, ha, ha.

Bawdb Where could I wish my selfe now? in the Isle of dogs,
So I might scape scratching, for I see by her cats eyes
I shall bee claw'd fearefully.

Thier. Wee'l heare no more on't, *soft*
Musick drowne all sadnesse; *musick*
Command the Revellers in, at what a rate I doe purchase
My mothers absence to give my spleene full liberty.

Brun. Speake not a thoughts delay, it names thy ruine,

Prot. I had thought my life had borne more value with you.

Brun. Thy losse carries mine with't, let that secure thee. (too't,
The vault is ready, and the doore conveyes
Falls just behind his chaire, the blow once given,
Thou art unseene.

Prot I cannot feele more than I feare, ime sure. *withdraws*

Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their owne destruction.

Thier. You will adde unto her rage.

Theod. Foot I shall burst unlesse I vent my selfe, ha, ha, ha.

Brun. Me Sir, you never could
Have found a time to invite more wilingnes
In my dispose to pleasure.

Memb. Would you would please to make some other choise.

Revel. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell upon me Lady,

Should you refuse.

Memb. Your reason conquers; my Grandmothers lookes
Have turn'd all ayre to earth in mee, they sit
Upon my heart like night charmes, black and heavy.

The Dance.

Thier. You are too much libertine.

Theod. The fortune of the foole perswades my laughter
More than his cowardice; was ever ratt
Tane by the taile thus? ha, ha, ha.

Thier. Forbeare I say.

Prot. No eye looks this way, I will winke and strike, *Behind the State*
Left I betray my selfe. *stabs Theodoret?*

Theod. Ha, did you not see one neere me?

Thier. How neere you, why doe you look so pale brother?
Treason, treason.

Memb. Oh my presage! Father.

Ordella. Brother,

Mart. Prince, noble Prince.

Thier. Make the gates sure, search into every angle
And corner of the Court; oh my shame! mother,
Your sonne is slaine, *Theodoret*, noble *Theodoret*,
Here in my armes, too weake a sanctuary
'Gainst treachery and murder, say is the traytor taken?

1 *Guard.* No man hath past the chamber on my life Sir.

Thier. Set present fire unto the place, that all unseene
May perish in this mischiefe, who moves slow to't,
Shall adde unto the flame.

Brun. What meane you? give mee your private hearing.

Thier. Perswasion is a partner in the crime,
I will renounce my claime unto a mother,
If you make offer on't.

Brun. Ere a torch can take flame, I will produce
The author of the fact.

Thier. Withdraw but for your lights.

Memb. O my too true suspition.

Exeunt Martell, Memberg.

Thier. Speake, where's the engine to this horrid act?

Brun. Here you doe behold her, upon whom make good
Your causelesse rage; the deed was done by my incitement,
Not yet repented.

Thier. Whether did nature start, when you conceiv'd
A birth so unlike woman? say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Reserv'd it selfe within you to his ruine.

Brun. Ha, ha, a son of mine! doe not dissever
Thy fathers dust, shaking his quiet urne,
To which my breath would send so foule an issue.
My son, thy brother?

Thier. Was not *Theodoret* my brother, or is thy tongue
Confederate with thy heart, to speak and doe
Only things monstrous?

Brun. Heare mee, and thou shalt make thine owne beliefe,
Thy still with sorrow mention'd, father liv'd
Three carefull yeares in hope of wished heires,
When I conceiv'd, being from his jealous feare,
Injoyn'd to quiet home, one fatall day:
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forc't command, and in pursuit of game,
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.
Despaire which only in his love saw life
Worthy of being, from a gardners armes
Snatcht this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine,
When the next yeare repaid my losse with thee:
But in thy wrongs preserv'd my miserie,
Which that I might diminish, though not end,
My sighes and wet eies from thy fathers will,
Bequeath this largest part of his Dominions
Of *France*, unto thee, and only left
Austracia unto that changeling, whose life affords
Too much of ill 'gainst mee to prove my words,
And call him stranger.

Thier Come, doe not weep, I must, nay doe beleeve you,
And in my fathers satisfaction count it

Merit

Merit, not wrong, or losse:
Brun. You doe but flatter, there's anger yet flames
In your eyes.
Thier. See, I will quench it, and confesse that you
Have suffer'd double travaile for me.
Brun. You will not fire the house then?
Thier. Rather reward the author, who gave cause
Of knowing such a secret, my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.
Brun. *Protaldye*, rise good faithfull servant, heaven knowes
How hardly he was drawne to this attempt.
Enter Protaldye.
Thier. *Protaldye?* he had a gardners fate i'le sweare
Tell by thy hand, Sir, we doe owe unto you for this service.
Brun. Why lookest thou so dejected?
Enter Martell.
Prot. I want a little shift Lady, nothing else.
Mart. The fires are ready, please it your grace withdraw,
Whilst we performe your pleasure.
Thier. Reserve them for the body; since he had the fate
To live and die a Prince, he shall not lose
The title in his funerall. *Exit.*
Mart. His fate to live a prince,
Thou old impiety, made up by lust and mischiefe, *Exeunt with the*
Take up the body. *body of Theod.*
Enter Lecure, and a servant.
Lecure. Doest thinke *Leforces* sure enough?
Serva. As bonds can make him, I have turn'd his eyes to the east; and left him gaping after the morning starre, his head is a meere Astrolobe, his eyes stand for the poles, the gag in his mouth being the coachman, his five teeth have the neerest resemblance to *Charles Waine.*
Lecure. Thou hast cast a figure which shall raise thee, direct my haire a little; and in my likenesse to him reade a fortune suiting thy largest hopes.
Serva You are so far 'bove likenesse you are the same,
If you love mirth, perswade him from himselfe.
'Tis but an Astronomer out of the way,
And lying will beare the better place for't
Lecure. I have profitabler use in hand, hast to the Queene?
And tell her how you left me chang'd.
Exit Servant.
Who would not serve this vertuous active Queene?
She that loves mischiefe 'bove the man that does it;
And him above her pleasure, yet knowes no heaven else.
Enter Thierry.
Thier. How well this loanes suits the art I seeke,
Discovering secret and succeeding fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happinesse on,
With a remisse and careless hand,
Faire peace unto your meditations father.
Lecure. The same to you, you bring Sir.
Thier. Drawne by your much fam'd skill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes this character,
Shall ere have issue.
Lecure. A resolution falling with most ease
Of any doubt you could have named, he is a Prince
Whose fortune you enquire.
Thier. He is nobly borne.
Lecure. He had a dukedome lately falne unto him
By one call'd brother, who has left a daughter.
Thier. The question is of heirs, not lands.
Lecure. Heirs, yes he shall have heires.
Thier. Begotten of his body, why look'st thou pale?
Thou canst not suffer in his want.
Lecure. Nor thou, I neither can nor will
Give farther knowledge to thee.
Thier. Thou must, I am the man my selfe,
Thy soveraigne, who must owe unto thy wisedome
In the concealing of my barren shame.
Lecure. Your grace doth wrong your stars; if this be yours,
You may have children.

Thier.

Thier. Speake it againe.
Lecure. You may have fruitfull issue.
Thier. By whom? when? how?
Lecure. It was the fatall meanes first
strooke my blood (it
With the cold hand of wonder, when I read
Printed upon you birth. (end
Thier. Can there be any way unsmooth, has
So faire and good?
Lecure. Wee that behold the sad aspects
of heaven,
Leading sence blinded, men feele griefe
enough
To know, though not to speak their miseries.
Thier. Sorrow must lose a name, where
mine finds life;
If not in thee, at least ease paine with speed,
Which must know no cure else.
Lecure. Then thus,
The first of females which your eye shall
meete
Before the sun next rise, comming from out
The Temple of *Diana*, being slaine, you live
Father of many sonnes.
Thier. Call'st thou this sadnesse, can I
beget a sonne
Deserving lesse then to give recompence
Unto so poore a losse? what e're thou art,
Rest peaceable blest creature, borne to bee
Mother of Princes, whose grave shall be
more fruitfull (art
Then others marriage beds: me thinkes his
Should give her forme and happy figure
to mee,
I long to see my happinesse, he is gone,
As I remember hee named my brothers
daughter,
Were it my mother, 'twere a gainfull death
Could give *Ordella's* vertue living breath.
Exeunt.

Act. 4. *Scœ.* 1.

Enter Thierry and Martell.

Mart. Your Grace is early stirring.
Thier. How can he sleep,
Whose happinesse is laid up in an houre.
Hee knowes comes stealing toward him, O
Martell!
I'st possible the longing bride, whose wishes
Outrunnes her feares, can on that day shee
is married
Consume in slumbers, or his armes rust
in ease,
That heares the charge, and sees the ho-
nor'd purchase
Ready to gild his valour? Mine is more
A power above these passions; this day
France,
France that in want of issue withers with us;
And like an aged river runnes his head
Into forgotten wayes, againe I ransome,
And his faire course turne right: this day
Thierry,
The sonne of *France*, whose manly powers
like prisoners
Have bin tied up, and fetter'd, by one death
Give life to thousand ages; this day beauty
The envy of the world, pleasure the glory,
Content above the world, desire beyond it
Are made mine owne and usefull.
Mart. Happy woman
That dies to doe these things.
Thier. But ten times happier
That lives to doe the greater; O *Martell*,
The Gods have heard mee now, and those
that scorn'd me
Mothers of many children, and blest fathers
That see their issues like the starres un-
number'd,
Their comfort more then them, shall in
my praises
Now teach their infants songs; and tell their
ages
From such a sonne of mine, or such a Queen,
That chast *Ordella* brings mee blessed mar-
riage
The chaine that linkes two holy loves to-
gether
And in thee marriage, more then blest
Ordella,
That comes so neere the sacrament it selfe,
The Priests doubt whether purer.
Mart. Sir, y'are lost.
Thier. I prethee let me be so.
Mart. The day weares,
And those that have beene offering early
prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.

Thier

Thier. Stand and marke then.
Mart. Is it the firſt muſt ſuffer.
Thier. The firſt woman.
Mart. What hand ſhall doe it Sir?
Thier. This hand *Martell*,
For who leſſe dare preſume to give the gods
An incenſe of this offering?
Mart. Would I were ſhe,
For ſuch away to die, and ſuch a bleſſing
Can never crowne my parting.
Enter 2 men paſſing over.
Thier. What are thoſe?
Mart. Men, men, Sir, men.
Thier. The plagues of men light on vm,
They croſſe my hopes like hares, who's that?
Enter a Prieſt.
Mart. A Prieſt Sir.
Thierry. Would he were gelt.
Mart. May not theſe raſcalls ſerve Sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?
Thierry. No.
Mart. Here comes a woman.
Enter Ordella, vail'd.
Thier. Stand and behold her then.
Mart. I thinke a faire one.
Thier. Move not whilſt I prepare her: may her peace
Like his whoſe innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And offering at their altars, gives his ſoule
Far purer then thoſe fires; pull heaven upon her,
You holy powers, no humane ſpot dwell in her,
No love of any thing but you and goodneſſe,
Tie her to earth, feare be a ſtranger to her,
And all weake bloods affections, but thy hope
Let her bequeath to women: heare me heaven,
Give her a ſpirit maſculine, and noble,
Fit for your ſelves to aske, and mee to offer.
O let her meete my blow, doate on her death;
And as a wanton vine bowes to the pruner,
That by his cutting off more may encreaſe,
So let her fall to raiſe me fruit; hale woman.
The happieſt, and the beſt (if thy dull will
Do not abuſe thy fortune) *France* ere found yet.
Ordella. She is more then dull Sir, leſſ and worſe then woman,
That may inherit ſuch an infinite
As you propound, a greatneſſe ſo neare goodneſſe;
And brings a will to rob her.
Thier. Tell me this then,
Was there ere woman yet, or may be found
That for faire fame, unſpotted memory,
For vertues ſake, and onely for it ſelfe ſake
Has, or dare make a ſtory?
Ordella. Many dead Sir,
Living I thinke as many.
Thier. Say, the kingdome
May from a womans will receive a bleſſing,
The king and kingdome, not a private ſafety.
A generall bleſſing Lady.
Ordella. A generall curſe
Light on her heart denyes it.
Thier. Full of honor;
And ſuch examples as the former ages
Were but dim ſhadowes of, and empty figures.
Ordella. You ſtrangely ſtir me Sir, and were my weakeneſſe
In any other fleſh but modeſt womans,
You ſhould not aske more queſtions may I doit?
Thier. You may, and which is more, you muſt.
Ordella. I joy in't,
Above a moderate gladneſſe, Sir, you promiſe
It ſhall be honeſt.
Thier. As ever time diſcover'd.
Ordella. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a minde will hazard it.
Thier. But harke yee,
What may that woman merit, makes this bleſſing!
Ordella. Onely her duty Sir
Thier. 'Tis terrible.
Ordella. 'Tis ſo much the more noble.
Thier. 'Tis full of fearefull ſhaddowes.
Ordella. So is ſleepe Sir,
Or any thing that's meerely ours and mortall,
We were begotten gods elſe; but thoſe feares

feeling but once the fiers of nobler
thoughts,
Fly like the shapes of clouds we forme to
nothing
Thier. Suppose it death.
Ordella. I do.
Thier. And endlesse parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweet-
nesse,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time,
nay reason:
For in the silent grave, no conversation,
No joyfull tread of friends, no voyce of lo-
vers,
No carefull fathers councell, nothing's hard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endlesse darknesse, and dare you
woman
Desire this place?
Ordella. 'Tis of all sleepes the sweetest,
Children begin it to us, strong men seeke it,
And kings from heigth of all their painted
glories
Fall like spent exhaltations, to this center;
And those are fooles that feare it, or ima-
gine
A few unhandsome pleasures, or lifes profits
Can recompence this place; and mad that
staies it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten hu-
mors.
Bring them despers'd to the earth.
Thier. Then you can suffer.
Ordella. As willingly as say it.
Thier. Martell, a wonder,
Here is a woman that dares die; yet tel me;
Are you a wife?
Ordella. I am Sir.
Thier. And have children,
She sighes and weepes.
Ordella. O none Sir.
Thier. Dare you venter
For a poore barren praise you ne're shall
heare,
To part with these sweet hopes.
Ordella. With all but Heaven;
And yet die full of children; he that reads me
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes,
And those chaste dames that keepe my
memory,
Singing my yearely requiems, are my
daughters.
Thier. Then there is nothing wanting but
my knowledge,
And what I must doe Lady.
Ordella. You are the King Sir,
And what you doe i'le suffer, and that
blessing
That you desire the Gods showre on the
Kingdome.
Thier. Thus much before I strike then,
for I must kill you,
The Gods have will'd it so, they'r made
the blessing
Must make *France* young againe, and mee
a man,
Keepe up your strength still nobly.
Ordella. Feare me not.
Thier. And meet death like a measure.
Ordella. I am stedfast.
Thier. Thou shalt bee fainted woman,
and thy tombe
Cut out in Cristall, pure and good as thou
art;
And on it shall be graven every age,
Succeeding Peeres of *France* that rise by
thy fall,
Tell thou liest there like old and fruitfull
nature.
Darest thou behold thy happinesse?
Ordella. I dare Sir.
Thier. Ha? *Pulls off her vaile, letts fall his sword.*
Mar. O Sir, you must not doe it.
Thier. No, I dare not.
There is an Angell keepes that paradice,
A fiery Angell friend; O vertue, vertue,
Ever and endlesse vertue.
Ordella. Strike Sir, strike;
And if in my poore death faire *France* may
merit,
Give me a thousand blowes, be killing mee
A thousand dayes.
Thier. First let the earrh be barren,
And man no more remembred, rise *Or-
della*,
The neerest to thy maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shewed us,---- O my
heart-strings. *Exit.*
Mart. I see you full of wonder, therefore
noblest,
And truest amongst women, I will tell
you

The

The end of this ſtrange accident.
Ordella. Amazement
Has ſo much wove upon my heart, that truly
I feele my ſelfe unfit to heare, O Sir,
My Lord has ſlighted me.
Mart. O no ſweet Lady.
Ordella. Rob'd me of ſuch a glory by his pitie
And moſt unprovident reſpect.
Mart. Deare Lady,
It was not meant to you.
Ordella. Elſe where the day is,
And houres diſtinguiſh time, time runnes to ages,
And ages end the world, I had been ſpoken.
Devi. I'le tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will give me hearing.
Ordella. If I have tranſgreſt,
Forgive me Sir.
Mart. Your noble Lord was counſell'd,
Grieving the barrenneſſe betweene you both,
And all the Kingdome with him, to ſeeke out
A man that knew the ſecrets of the Gods,
Hee went, found ſuch a one, and had this anſwer,
That if hee woo'd have iſſue, on this morning,
For this houre was prefixt him, hee ſhould kill
The firſt hee met being female, from the temple;
And then hee ſhould have children, the miſtake
Is now too perfect Lady.
Ordella. Still 'tis I Sir,
For may this worke bee done by common women,
Durſt any but my ſelfe that knew the bleſſing,
And felt the benefit, aſſume this thing
In any other, t'ad bin loſt, and nothing,
A curſe and not a bleſſing; I was figur'd;
And ſhall a litle fondneſſe barre my purchaſe?
Mart. Where ſhould he then ſeeke children?
Ordella. Where they are
In wombes ordain'd for iſſues, in thoſe beauties
That bleſſe a marriage bed, and makes it proceed
With kiſſes that conceive, and fruitfull pleaſures;
Mine like a grave, buries thoſe loyall hopes,
And to a grave it covets.
Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honeſt; robbe not us
And thoſe that ſhall hereafter ſeek example,
Of ſuch ineſtimable worthies in woman,
Your Lord of ſuch obedience, all of honor
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
A will ſhort of your wiſedome; make not error
A tombe ſtone of your vertues, whoſe faire life
Deſerves a conſtellation: your Lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, muſt not run this hazard,
He makes a ſeperation nature ſhakes at,
The Gods deny, and everlaſting juſtice
Shrinkes backe, and ſheathes her ſword at.
Ordella, All's but talke Sir,
I find to what I am reſerv'd, and needfull,
And though my Lords compaſſion makes me poore,
And leaves me in my beſt uſe, yet a ſtrength
Above mine owne, or his dull fondneſſe finds me,
The Gods have given it to mee.
Drawes a knife.
Mart. Selfe deſtruction.
Now all good Angells bleſſe thee, O ſweet Lady,
You are abus'd, this is a way to ſhame you,
And with you all that knowes you, all that loves you,
To ruine all you build, would you bee famous,
Is that your end?
Ordella. I would be what I ſhould be.
Mart. Live and confirme the Gods then, live and be loaden
With more than olive beare, or fruitfull Autumn;
This way you kill your merit, kill your cauſe,

And him you would raiſe life to, where, or how
Got you theſe bloudy thoughts? what Devill durſt
Looke on that Angell face, and tempt? doe you know
What 'tis to dye thus, how you ſtrike the ſtarres,
And all good things above? doe you feele
What followes a ſelfe blood, whether you venter,
And to what puniſhment? excellent Lady,
Be not thus cozen'd, doe not foole your ſelf,
The Prieſt was never his owne ſacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.

Ordella. I am counſell'd,

Mart. And I am glad on't, lye I know you dare not.

Ordelld. I never have done yet.

Mart. Pray take my comfort,
Was this a ſoule to loſe? two more ſuch women
Would ſave their ſexe; ſee, ſhee repents and prayes,
O heare her, heare her, if there bee a faith
Able to reach your mercies, ſhe hath ſent it.

Ordella. Now good *Martell* confirme me.

Mart. I will Lady,
And every houre adviſe you, for I doubt
Whether this plot bee heavens, or hells; your mother
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To ſearch the center of it: in the meane time
I'le give you out for dead, and by your ſelfe,
And ſhew the inſtrument, ſo ſhall I find
A joy that will betray her.

Ordella. Doe what's fitteſt;
And I will follow you.

Mart. Then ever live
Both able to ingroſſe all love, and give.

Exeunt.

Enter Brunhalt, Protaldye.

Brun. I am in labour
To be delivered of that burthenous project
I have ſo long gone with; ha, here's the mid-wife,
Or life, or death.

Enter Lecure.

Lecure. If in the ſuppoſition
Of her death in whoſe life you die, you aske me,
I thinke you are ſafe.

Brun. Is ſhe dead?

Lecure. I have us'd
All meanes to make her ſo, I ſaw him waiting
At the temple doore, and us'd ſuch art within,
That only ſhe of all her ſexe, was firſt
Given up unto his fury.

Brun. Which if love
Or feare made him forbeare to execute
The vengeance he determin'd, his fond pity
Shall draw it on himſelfe, for were there left
Not any man but hee to ſerve my pleaſures,
Or from mee to receive commands, which are
The joyes for which I love life, he ſhould be
Remov'd, and I alone left to bee Queene
O're any part of goodneſſe that's left in me.

Lecure. If you are ſo reſolv'd, I have provided
A meanes to ſhip him hence: looke upon this,
But touch it ſparingly, for this once us'd.
Say but to dry a teare, will keepe the eye lyd
From cloſing, untill death performe that office.

Brun. Giv't mee, I may have uſe of it, and on you
I'le make the firſt experiment: if one ſigh
Or heavy looke beget the leaſt ſuſpition,
Childiſh compaſſion can thaw the ice
Of your ſo long congeal'd and flinty hardneſſe.
Slight, goe on conſtant, or I Shall.

Prot. Beſt Lady,
Wee have no faculties which are not yours.

Lecure. Nor will bee any thing without you.

Brun. Be ſo, and we will ſtand or fall together, for
Since wee have gone ſo farre, that death muſt ſtay
The journey which we wiſh ſhould never end,
And innocent, or guilty we muſt die,
When we doe ſo, let's know the reaſon why.

Enter

Enter Thierry, and Courtiers.

Lecure. The King.
Thier. We'le be alone.
Prot. I would I had
A convoy too, to bring me safe off,
For rage although it bee allaid with sorrow,
Appeares so dreadfull in him, that I shake
To looke upon it.
Brun. Coward, I will meet it,
And know from whence t'as birth: sonne, kingly *Thierry*.
Thier. Is cheating growne so common among men,
And thrives so well here, that the Gods endeavour
To practise it above?
Brun. Your mother.
Thier. Ha! or are they onely carefull to revenge,
Not to reward? or when for your offences
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse then the disease?
Brun. Will you not heare me?
Thier. To lose the ability to performe those duties
For which I entertain'd the name of husband,
Ask'd more then common sorrow; but t'impose
For the redresse of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, for whom alone
I felt that weaknesse as a want, requires
More then the making the head bald? or falling
Thus flat upon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this, oh such a sceane of griefe,
And so set downe, (the world the stage to act on)
May challenge a Tragedian better practis'd
Then I am to expresse it; for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weake, that though the part bee good, I feare
Th'ill acting of it, will defraud it of
The poore reward it may deserve, mens pity.
Brun. I have given you way thus long, a King, and what
Is more, my sonne, and yet a slave to that
Which onely triumphs over cowards sorrow
For shame looke up.
Thier. I'st you, looke downe on me;
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that returne to you, that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it: what are these?
Come they upon your priviledge, to tread on
The tombe of my afflictions?
Prot. No not wee Sir.
Thier. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funerall of all my hopes,
Or come unto the marriage of my sorrowes,
But in such colours as may sort with them.
Prot. Alas; we will weare any thing.
Brun. This is madnesse,
Take but my counsell.
Thier. Yours? Dare you againe
Though arm'd with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you
If such another fillable awake it?
Goe, and with yours be safe, I have such cause
Of griefe, nay more, to love it, that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.
Lecure. Madam.
Prot. Another time were better.
Brun. Doe not stirre,
For I must bee resolv'd and will, be statues.

Enter Martell.

Thier. I, thou art welcome, and upon my soule
Thou art an honest man; doe you see, he has teares
To lend to him whom prodigall expence
Of sorrow has made bankerout of such treasure,
Nay thou doest well.
Mart. I would it might excuse.

The ill I bring along.
Thier. Thou makeſt me ſmile
In the height of my calamities, as if
There could be the addition of an Atome
To the gyant body of my miſeries.
But try, for I will heare thee; all ſit downe,
'tis death
To any that ſhall dare to interrupt him
In looke, geſture or word.
Mart. And ſuch attention
As is due to the laſt, and the beſt ſtory
That ever was deliver'd, will become you,
The griev'd *Ordella*, (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me
Prompted by your laſt parting groane, enquir'd,
What drew it from you, and the cauſe ſoone learn'd;
For ſhee whom barbariſme could deny nothing,
With ſuch prevailing earneſtneſſe deſir'd it,
'Twas not in mee though it had beene my death,
To hide it from her; ſhe I ſay, in whom
All was, that *Athens*, *Rome*, or warlike *Sparta*,
Have regiſtred for good in their beſt women:
But nothing of their ill, knowing her ſelfe
Mark'd out, (I know not by what power, but ſure
A cruell one) to dye, to give you children;
Having firſt with a ſetled countenance
Look'd up to heaven, and then upon her ſelfe,
(It being the next beſt object) and then ſmil'd,
As if her joy in death to doe you ſervice,
Would break forth in deſpight of the much ſorrow
Shee ſhew'd ſhe had to leave you: and then taking
Mee by the hand, this hand which I muſt ever
Love better then I have done, ſince ſhee touch'd it,
Goe, ſaid ſhe, to my Lord, (and to goe to him
Is ſuch a happineſſe I muſt not hope for)
And tell him that hee too much priz'd a trifle
Made only worthy in his love, and her
Thankfull acceptance, for her ſake to robbe
The Orphan Kingdome of ſuch guardians, as
Muſt of neceſſitie deſcend from him;
And therefore in ſome part of recompence
Of his much love, and to ſhew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of ſuch moſt certaine bleſſings: yet for proofe,
She did not envy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her; which no ſooner ſpoke,
But in a moment this too ready engine
Made ſuch a battery in the choiſeſt caſtle
That ever nature made to defend life,
That ſtrait it ſhooke, and ſunke.
Thier. Stay, dares any
Preſume to ſhed a teare before me? or
Aſcribe that worth unto themſelves to merit
To doe ſo for her? I have done, now on.
Mart. Falne thus, once more ſhe ſmil'd, as if that death
For her had ſtudied a new way to ſever
The ſoule and body, without ſence of paine;
And then tell him quoth ſhee what you have ſeene,
And with what willingneſſe 'twas done: for which
My laſt requeſt unto him is, that he
Would inſtantly make choyce of one (moſt happy
In being ſo choſen) to ſupply my place,
By whom if heaven bleſſe him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it beare my name
Which ſaid ſhe di'd.
Thier. I heare this, and yet live;
Heart art thou thunder proofe, wil nothing breake thee?
Shee's dead, and what her entertainment may be
In th'other world without me is uncertaine,
And dare I ſtay here unreſolv'd?
Mart. Oh Sir!
Brun. Deare ſonne.
Prot. Great King.
Thier. Unhand me, am I falne

So low, that I have loſt the power to be
Diſpoſer of my owne life ?
Mart. Be but pleas'd
To borrow ſo much time of ſorrow, as
To call to mind her laſt requeſt, for whom
(I muſt confeſſe a loſſe beyond expreſſion)
You turne your hand upon your ſelfe, 'twas hers
And dying hers, that you ſhould live and happy
In ſeeing little models of your ſelfe,
By matching with another, and will you
Leave any thing that ſhee deſir'd ungranted?
And ſuffer ſuch a life that was laid downe
For your ſake only to be fruitleſſe ?
Thier. Oh thou doſt throw charmes upon me, againſt which
I cannot ſtop my eares, beare witneſſe heaven
That not deſire of life, nor love of pleaſure
Nor any future comforts, but to give
Peace to her bleſſed ſpirit in ſatisfying
Her laſt demand, makes mee deferre our meeting,
Which in my choiſe, and ſuddaine choiſe ſhall bee
To all apparant,
Brun. How ? doe I remove one miſchiefe
To draw upon my head a greater ?
Thier. Goe, thou only good man, to whom for her ſelfe
Goodneſſe is deare, and prepare to interre it
In her that was; O my heart! my *Ordella*,
A monument worthy to be the casket
Of ſuch a jewell.
Mart. Your command that makes way
Vnto my abſence is a welcome one,
For but your ſelfe there's nothing heere *Martell*
Can take delight to looke on ; yet ſome comfort
Goes back with me, to her, who though ſhe want it
Deſerves all bleſſings. *Exit.*
Brun. So ſoone to forget
The loſſe of ſuch a wife, beleeve it will
Be cenſur'd in the world.
Thier. Pray you no more,
There is no argument you can uſe to croſſe it,
But does increaſe in me ſuch a ſuſpition
I would not cheriſh,--who's that?

Enter Memberge.

Memb. One, no guard
Can put back from acceſſe, whoſe tongue no threats
Nor praiſes can ſilence, a bold ſuitor and
For that which if you are your ſelfe, a King,
You were made ſo to grant it, Juſtice, Juſtice.
Thier. With what aſſurance dare you hope for that
Which is deni'd to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be juſt, unto ſuch as are
Beneath mee, that find none from thoſe that are
Above me.
Memb. There is juſtice, 'twere unfit
That any thing but vengeance ſhould fall on him,
That by his giving way to more then mur-ther,
(For my deare fathers death was parricide)
Makes it his owne.
Brun. I charge you heare her not.
Memb. Hell cannot ſtop juſt prayers from entring heaven,
I muſt and will be heard Sir; but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your brother,
And the place where, your Palace, againſt all
Th'inviolable rites of Hoſpitality,
Your word, a Kings word, given up for his ſafety,
His innocence, his protection, and the Gods
Bound to revenge the impious breach of ſuch
So great and facred bonds ; and can you wonder,
(That in not puniſhing ſuch a horrid murther
You did it) that heavens favour is gone from you ?
Which never will returne untill his bloud
Be waſh'd away in hers.
Brun. Drag hence the wretch.
Thier. Forbeare: with what variety
Of torments doe I meete? Oh thou haſt open'd

A booke in which writ downe in bloudy letters,
My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More then I undergoe, but i'le begin
For my *Ordella's* sake, and for thine owne
To make lesse heavens great anger: thou hast lost
A father, I to thee am so; the hope
Of a good husband, in mee have one; nor
Be fearfull I am still no man, already
That weaknesse is gone from me.
Brun. That it might *aside*
Have ever growne inseparably upon thee,
What will you doe? Is such a thing as this
Worthy the lov'd *Ordella's* place, the daughter
Of a poore Gardiner?
Memb. Your sonne.
Thier. The power
To take away that lowneſſe is in me.
Brun. Stay yet, for rather then thou shalt adde
Incest unto thy other sinnes, I will
With hazard of my owne life utter all
Theodoret was thy brother.
Thier. You deni'd it,
Vpon your oath, nor will I now believe you,
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpose.
Memb. And for me, be assur'd the meanes to be
Revenge on thee vile hag, admits no thought,
But what tends to it.
Brun. Is it come to that?
Then have at the last refuge; art thou growne
Insensible in ill, that thou goest on
Without the least compunction? there, take that
To witnesse that thou hadst a mother, which
Foresaw thy cause of griefe, and sad repentance,
That so soone after blest *Ordella's* death
Without a teare thou canst imbrace a nother,
Forgetfull man.
Thier. Mine eyes when she is nam'd
Connot forget their tribute, and your gift
Is not unnseſull now
Lecure. He's past all cure, that onely touch is death.
Thier. This night i'le keep it,
To morrow I will send it you, and full of my affliction. *Exit Thierry.*
Brun. Is the poyson mortall?
Lecure. Above the helpe of physick.
Brun. To my wish,
Now for our owne security, you *Protaldye*
Shall this night post towards *Austracia*,
With letters to *Theodorets* bastard sonne,
In which wee will make knowne what for his rising
We have done to *Thierry*: no deniall,
Nor no excuse in such acts must bee thought of,
Which all dislike, and all againe commend
When they are brought unto a happy end
Exeunt.

Act. 5. *Scæ.* 3.

Enter Devitry, and 4 Souldiers.

Devitry. No war, no money, no Master; banish't the Court, not trusted in the City, whipt out of the countrey, in what a triangle runnes our misery: let mee heare which of you has the best voice to beg in, for other hopes or fortunes I see you have not; be not nice, nature provided you with tones for the purpose, the peoples charity was your heritage, and I would see which of you deserves his birth-right.
Omnes. Wee understand you not Captaine.
Devit. You see this cardicue, the last and the only quintessence of 50 crownes, distill'd in the lembicke of your gardage, of which happy piece thou shalt be treasurer: now he that can sooneſt perswade him to part with't, enjoyes it, possesses it, and with it, mee and my future countenance.
1. If they want art to perswade it, I'le keepe it my selfe.
Devit. So you be not a partiall judge in your owne cause, you shall.
Omnes. A match.
2. I'le begin to you, brave Sir; be proud to make him happy by your liberality, whose tongue vouchsafes now to petition, was never heard before lesse then to command. I

am

am a ſouldier by profeſſion, a gentleman by birth, and an officer by place, whoſe poverty bluſhes to be the cauſe that ſo high a vertue ſhould deſcend to the pitie of your charitie.

1. In any caſe keep your high ſtile, it is not charity to ſhame any man, much leſſe a vertue of your eminence, wherefore preſerve your worth, and i'le preſerve my money.

3. You perſwade? you are ſhallow, give way to merit: ah by the bread of good man, thou haſt a bonny countenance and a blith, promiſing mickle good to a ſicker wombe, that has trod a long and a ſoare ground to meet with friends that will owe much to thy reverence, when they ſhall heare of thy curteſie to their wandring countreyman.

1. You that will uſe your friends ſo hardly to bring them in debt Sir, will deſerve worſe of a ſtranger, wherefore pead on, pead on I ſay.

4. It is the welch muſt do't I ſee, comrade man of urſhip, St *Tavy* be her patron, the Gods of the mountaines keepe her cow and her cupboard, may ſhe never want the green of the leeke and the fat of the onion, if ſhee part with her bounties to him that is a great deale away from her cozines, and has too big ſuites in law to recover her heritage.

1. Pardon me Sir, I will have nothing to doe with your ſuites, it comes within the ſtatute of maintenance; home to your cozines, and ſow garlick and hemp-ſeed, the one will ſtop your hunger, the other end your ſuites, *gammawaſh comrade, gammawaſh.*

4. Foot he'le hoord all for himſelfe.

Vitry. Yes, let him; now comes my turne, i'le ſee if he can anſwer mee: ſave you Sir, they ſay you have that I want, money.

1. And that you are like to want, for ought I perceive yet.

Vitry. Stand, deliver.

1. Foot what meane you, you will not rob the Exchequer?

Vitry Doe you prate?

1. Hold, hold, here Captaine.

2. Why I could have done this before you.

3. And I.

4. And I.

Vitry. You have done this, brave man be proud to make him kappy, by the bread of God man thou haſt a bonny countenance, comrade man of urſhip, St. *Tavy* be her patron, out upon you, you uncurried colts, walking cans that have no ſouls in you, but a little roſin to keepe your ribs ſweet, and hold in liquor.

Omnes. Why, what would you have us to doe Captaine?

Devitry. Beg, beg, and keepe Conſtables waking, weare out ſtocks and whipcord, mander for buttermilke, dye of the jaundice, yet have the cure about you, lice, large lice, begot of your owne duſt, and the heate of the brick-kills, may you ſtarve, and feare of the gallowes, which is a gentle conſumption to't, only preferre it, or may you fall upon your feare, and be hanged for ſelling thoſe purſes to keepe you from famine whoſe monies my valour empties, and be caſt without other evidence; here is my fort, my caſtle of defence, who comes by ſhall pay me tolle, the firſt purſe is your mittimus ſlaves.

2. The purſe, foot we'le ſhare in the money Captaine, if any come within a furlong of our fingers.

4. Did you doubt but wee could ſteale as well as your ſelfe, did not I ſpeake welch?

3. We are theeves from our cradles, and will dye ſo.

Vitry. Then you will not beg againe.

Omnes? Yes, as you did, ſtand, and deliver.

2. Harke, here comes handſell, 'tis a trade quickly ſet up, and as ſoone caſt downe.

Vitry. Have goodneſſe in your minds varlets, and to't like men; he that has more money than wee, cannet bee our friend, and I hope there is no law for ſpoyling the enemie.

3. You need not inſtruct us farther, your example pleads enough.

Devitry. Diſperſe your ſelves, and as their company is, fall on.

2. Come, there are a band of them, i'le charge ſingle. *Exit ſouldiers.*

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. 'Tis wonderfull dark, I have loſt my man, and dare not call for him, leſt I ſhould have more followers then I would pay wages to; what throwes am I in, in this travaile? theſe be honourable adventure; had I that honeſt blood in my veines againe. Queene, that your feats and theſe frights have drain'd from me, honour ſhould pull hard ere it drew me into theſe brakes.

Devitry. Who goes there?

Prot. Hey ho, here's a pang of preferment.

Devi. Hart, who goes there?

Prot. Hee that has no heart to your acquaintance, what ſhall I doe with my jewels and my letter, my cod-peece, that's too looſe, good, my boots, who i'ſt that ſpoke to mee? here's a friend.

Devit. We ſhall find that preſently, ſtand, as you love your ſafety ſtand.

Prot. That unlucky word of ſtanding has brought me to all this, hold, or I ſhall never ſtand you.

Devitry. I ſhould know that voice, deliver.

Enter Souldiers.

Prot. All that I have is at your ſervice Gentlemen, and much good may it doe you.

Devitry. Zones downe with him, doe you prate?

Prot. Keepe your firſt word as you are Gentlemen, and let me ſtand, alas what doe you meane?

2. To tye you to us Sir, bind you in the knot of friendſhip.

Prot. Alas Sir, all the phyſick in *Europe* cannot bind me.

Devit. You ſhould have jewels about you, ſtones, precious ſtones.

1. Captaine away, there's company within hearing, if you ſtay longer wee are ſurpriz'd.

Devitry. Let the Devill come, i'le pillage this frigot a little better yet.

2. Foot we are loſt, they are upon us.

Devitry. Ha, upon us, make the leaſt noiſe, 'tis thy parting gaſpe.

3. Which way ſhall we make Sir?

Devitry. Every man his owne; doe you heare, one y bind me before you goe, and when the companie's paſt, make to this place againe, this karvell ſhould have better ladine in him, you are ſlow, why doe you not tye harder?

1. You are ſure enough I warrant you Sir.

Devitry. Darkneſſe befriend you, away.

Exit ſouldiers.

Prot. What tyrants have I met with? they leave me alone in the darke, yet would not have me cry. I ſhall grow wondrous melancholy if I ſtay long here without company; I was wont to get a nap with ſaying my prayers, i'le ſee if they will worke upon me now; but then if I ſhould talk in my ſleep, and they heare me, they would make a Recorder of my windpipe, ſlit my throate: heaven bee prais'd, I heare ſome noiſe, it may bee new purchaſe, and then I ſhall have fellowes.

Devitry. They are gone paſt hearing, now to taske *Devitry*, helpe, helpe, as you are men helpe, ſome charitable hand, relieve a poore diſtreſſed miſerable wretch; theeves, wicked theeves have rob'd me, bound me.

Prot. Foot would they had gag'd you too, your noiſe will betray us, and fetch them againe.

Devit. What bleſſed tongue ſpake to me, where, where are you Sir?

Prot. A plague of your bawling throate, we are well enough, if you have the grace to be thankfull for't, doe but ſnore to mee, and 'tis as much as I deſire, to paſſe away time with till morning, then talke as loud as you pleaſe Sir, I am bound not to ſtir, therefore lie ſtill and ſnore I ſay.

Devit. Then you have met with theeves too I ſee.

Prot. And deſire to meet with no more of them.

Devit. Alas what can wee ſuffer more? they are far enough by this time; have they not all, all that we have Sir?

Prot. No by my faith have they not Sir; I gave them one trick to boote for their learning, my bootes Sir, my bootes, I have ſav'd my ſtock, and my jewels in them, and therefore deſire to heare no more of them.

Devit. Now bleſſing on your wit Sir, what a dull ſlave was I, dreampt not of your conveyance? helpe to unbidd me Sir, and

I'le

i'le undoe you, my life for yours no worse theefe than my selfe meetes you againe this night.

Prot. Reach me thy hands.

Devit. Here Sir, here, I could beate my braines out, that could not thinke of bootes, bootes Sir, wide topt boots, I shall love them the better whilst I live; but are you sure your jewels are here Sir?

Prot. Sure sayst thou? ha, ha, ha.

Devit. So ho, illo ho. *Within Souldiers.* Here Captaine, here.

Prot. Foote what doe you meane Sir?

Enter Souldiers.

Devit. A trick to boote, say you; here you dull slaves, purchase, purchase the soule of the rock, diamonds, sparkling diamonds.

Prot. I am betraid, lost, past recovery lost, as you are men.

Devit, Nay Rooke, since you will be prating, wee'l share your carion with you, have you any other conveyance now Sir?

1. Foot here are letters, epistles, familiar epistles, wee'l see what treasure is in them, they are seal'd sure,

Pro, Gentlemen, as you are gentlemen spare my letters, and take all willingly, all: i'le give you a release, a generall release, and meete you here too morrow with as much more.

Devit. Nay, since you have your trickes, and your conveyances, wee will not leave a wrinckle of you unsearcht.

Prot. Harke, there comes company, you will be betraid, as you love your safeties beat out my braines, I shall betray you else.

Devitry. Treason, unheard of treason monstrous, monstrous villanies.

Prot. I confesse my selfe a traytor, shew your selves good subjects, and hang mee up for't.

1. If it be treason, the discovery will get our pardon Captaine.

Devit. Would wee were all lost, hang'd, quarter'd to save this one, one innocent Prince; *Thierry*'s poyson'd, by his mother poyson'd, the Mistris to this stallion, who by that poyson ne're shall sleep againe.

2 Foot let us mince him by piecemeale, till he eate himselfe up.

3. Let us dig out his heart with needles, and halfe broile him, like a mussell.

Prot. Such another and I prevent you, my blood's setled already.

Devit. Here's that shall remove it, toade, viper, drag him unto *Martell*, unnaturall parricide, cruell, bloody woman.

Omnes. On you dogfish, leech, caterpiller.

Devit. A longer sight of him will make my rage turne pitie, and with his suddaine end prevent revenge and torture, wicked, wicked *Brunhalt.* *Exit.*

Enter Bawdber, and 3. Courtiers.

1. Not sleep at all, no meanes.

2. No art can doe it.

Bawdb. I will assure you hee can sleep no more
Then a hooded hawke, a centinell to him,
Or one of the City Constables are tops.

3. How came he so?

Bawdb. They are too wise that dare know,
Somethings amisse, heaven helpe all.

1. What cures has he?

Bawdb. Armies of those wee call Physicians, some with glisters,
Some with lettice caps, some posset drinkes some pills,
Twenty consulting here about a drench,
As many here to blood him;
Then comes a Don of *Spaine*, and he prescribes
More cooling opium then would kill a turk,
Or quench a whore i'th dogdayes; after him
A wise Italian, and he cries, tie unto him
A woman of fourescore, whose bones are marble,
Whose blond snow water, not so much heate about her,
As may conceive a prayer: after him
An English Doctor, with a bunch of pot hearbes,
And he cries out Endiffe and suckery,
With a few mallow rootes and buttermilke,
And talkes of oyle made of a Churchmans charity,
Yet still he wakes.

1. But your good honour
Has a prayer in store if all should faile.

Bawdb. I could have prayed, and handsomely,
But age and an ill memory.

3. Has ſpoil'd your primmer.
Bawdb. Yet if there be a man of faith i'th Court,
An ca n pray for a penſion.

Enter Thierry on a bed, with Doctors and Attendants.

2. Here's the King Sir,
And thoſe that will pray without pay.
Bawdb. Then pray for me too.
1. *Doct.* How does your Grace feele your ſelfe now?
Thier. What's that?
1. *Doct.* Nothing at all Sir, but your fancy.
Thier. Tell me,
Can ever theſe eyes more ſhut up in ſlumbers,
Aſſure my ſoule there is ſleepe? is there night
And reſt for humane labours? doe not you
And all the world as I doe, out-ſtare time,
And live like funerall lampes never extinguiſht?
Is there a grave, and doe not flatter me,
Nor feare to tell mee truth; and in that grave
Is there a hope I ſhall ſleepe, can I die,
Are not my miſeries immortall? oh
The happines of him that drinkes his water
After his weary day, and ſleepes for ever,
Why doe you crucifie mee thus with faces,
And gaping ſtrangely upon one another,
When ſhall I reſt?
2. *Doct.* O Sir be patient.
Thier. Am I not patient? have I not endur'd
More then a maingy dog among your doſſes?
Am I not now your patient? ye can make
Unwholſome fooles ſleepe for a guarded foot-cloth,
Whores for a hot ſinne offering; yet I muſt crave
That feede ye, and protect ye, and proclame ye,
Becauſe my power is farre above your ſearching,
Are my diſeaſes ſo? can ye cure none
But thoſe of equall ignorance, dare yee kill me?
1. *Doct.* We doe beſeech your grace bee more reclaim'd,
This talke doth but diſtemper you.
Thier. Well, I will die
In ſpight of all your potions; one of you ſleepe,
Lie downe and ſleep here, that I may behold
What bleſſed reſt it is my eyes are rob'd of:
See, hee can ſleepe, ſleep any where, ſleep now,
When hee that wakes for him can never ſlumber,
I'ſt not a dainty eaſe?
2. *Doct.* Your Grace ſhall feele it.
Thier. O never I, never, the eyes of heaven
See but their certaine motions, and then ſleepe,
The rages of the *Ocean* have their ſlumbers,
And quiet ſilver calmes; each violence
Crownes in his end a peace, but my fixt fires
Shall never, never ſet, who's that?

Enter Martell, Brunhalt, Devitry, Souldiers.

Mart. No woman,
Mother of miſchiefe, no the day ſhall die firſt,
And all good things live in a worſe then thou art,
Ere thou ſhalt ſleepe, doſt thou ſee him?
Brun. Yes, and curſe him,
And all that love him foole, and all live by him.
Mart. Why art thou ſuch a monſter?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to aske me?
Mart. Hope of hell,
By this faire holy light, and all his wrongs
Which are above thy yeares, almoſt thy vices,
Thou ſhalt not reſt, not feele more what is pity,
Know nothing neceſſary, meet no ſociety.
But what ſhall curſe and crucifie thee, feele in thy ſelfe
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conſcience,
Till this man reſt; but for whoſe reverence
Becauſe thou art his mother, I would ſay
Whore, this ſhall bee, doe ye nod? i'le waken ye

With my ſwords point.
Brun. I wiſh no more of heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a ſufficient anger
To torture thee.
Mart. See, ſhe that makes you ſee Sir,
And to your miſery ſtill ſee your mother,
The mother of your woes Sir, of your waking,
The mother of your peoples cries and curſes,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother.
Thier. Phyſitians, halfe my ſtate to ſleepe an houre now;
Is it ſo mother?
Brun. Yes it is ſo ſonne;
And were it yet againe to doe, it ſhould be.
Mart. She nods againe, ſwing her.
Thier. But mother,
For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been ſo; was this,
This endleſſe miſerie, this cureleſſe malice,
This ſnatching from mee all my youth together,
All that you made mee for, and happy mothers
Crown'd with eternall time are proud to finiſh,
Done by your will?
Brun. It was, and by that will.
Thier. O mother, doe not loſe your name, forget not
The touch of nature in you, tendernes
'Tis all the ſoule of woman, all the ſweetnes;
Forget not I beſeech you what are children,
Nor how you have gron'd for them, to what love
They are borne inheritors, with what care kept,
And as they riſe to ripeneſſe ſtill remember
How they impe out your age; and when time calls you,
That as an Autumne flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearſe they hang like penons.
Brun. Holy foole,
Whoſe patience to prevent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of puniſhments or feares,
Or what I ought to be, but what I am,
A woman in her liberall will defeated,
In all her greatnes croſt, in pleaſures blaſted,
My angers have beene laught at, my ends ſlighted,
And all thoſe glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blaſted vertue to be ſcatter'd,
I am the fruitfull mother of theſe angers,
And what ſuch have done, reade, and know thy ruine.
Thier. Heaven forgive you.
Mart. She tels you true, for millions of her miſchiefes
Are now apparent, *Protaldye* wee have taken
An equall agent with her, to whoſe care
After the damn'd defeat on you, ſhe truſted

Enter Meſſenger.

The bringing in of *Leonor* the baſtard
Sonne to your murder'd brother; her phyſitian
By this time is attacht to that damn'd devill.
Meſſen. 'Tis like hee will bee ſo, for ere we came,
Fearing an equall juſtice for his miſchiefes,
He drench't himſelfe.
Brun. He did like one of mine then.
Thier. Muſt I ſtill ſee theſe miſeries, no night
To hide me from their horrors, that *Protaldy*
See juſtice fall upon.
Brun. Now I could ſleepe too.

Enter Ordella.

Mart. Ile give you yet more poppy, bring the Lady
And heaven in her embraces; gives him quiet
Madam, unvaile your ſelfe.
Ordella I doe forgive you,
And though you ſought my blood, yet Ile pray for you,
Brun. Art thou alive?
Mart. Now could you ſleepe.
Brun. For ever.
Mart. Go carry her without wink of ſleepe, or quiet,
Where her ſtrong knave *Protaldy's* broke oth wheele,
And let his cryes & roares be muſick to her,
I mean to waken her.
Thier. Do her no wrong.

Mart.

Mart. Nor right as you love justice.
Brun. I will thinke,
And if there be new curses in old nature,
I have a soule dare send them.
Mart. Keepe her waking.
Exit Brunhalt.
Thier. What's that appeares so sweetly? their's that face.
Mart. Be moderate Lady.
Their. That angels face.
Mart. Go neraer.
Thier. *Martell*, I cannot last long, see the soule,
I see it perfectly of my *Ordella*,
The heavenly figure of her sweetnesse there,
Forgive mee Gods, it comes, divinest substance,
Kneele, kneele, kneele every one, Saint of thy sexe,
If it be for my cruelty thou comest,
Do ye see her hoe?
Mart. Yes Sir, and you shall know her.
Thier. Downe, downe againe, to bee reveng'd for bloud,
Sweet spirit I am ready, she smiles on me,
O blessed signe of peace.
Mart. Goe neerer Lady.
Ordella. I come to make you happy.
Thier. Heare you that Sir?
She comes to crowne my soule away, get sacrifice,
Whil'st I with holy honours.
Mart. Shee's alive sir.
Thier. In everlasting life I know it friend,
O happy, happy soule.
Ordella. Alas I live Sir
A mortall woman still.
Thier. Can spirits weepe too?
Mart. Shee's no spirit Sir, pray kisse her; Lady,
Be very gentle to him.
Thier. Stay, she is warme,
And by my life the same lips tell me brightnesse;
Are you the same *Ordella* still?
Mart. The same Sir.
Whom heavens and my good Angell staid from mine.
Thier. Kisse me againe.
Ordella. The same still, still your servant.
Thier. 'Tis she, I know her now *Martell*; sit downe sweet,
O blest and happiest woman, a dead slumber
Begins to creep upon me, O my jewell!
Enter Messenger and Memberge.
Ordella, O sleepe my Lord.
Thier. My joyes are too much for me.
Messen. *Brunhalt* impatient of her constraint to see
Protaldye tortur'd, has chokt her selfe.
Mort. No more, her sinnes goe with her.
Thier. Love I must die, I faint, close up my glasses.
1. *Doct.* The Queen faints too, and deadly.
Thier. One dying kisse.
Ordella. My last Sir, and my deerest, and now
Close my eyes too.
Thier. Thou perfect woman,
Martell, the Kingdome's yours, take *Memberge* to you,
And keep my line alive; nay weep not Lady,
Take me, I goe.
Ordella. Take mee too, farewell honour.
Dies both.
2. *Doct.* They are gone for ever.
Mart. The peace of happy soules goe after them,
Beare them to their last beds, whilst I study
A tombe to speake their loves; whilst old time lasteth,
I am your King in sorrowes.
Omnes. We your subjects.
Mart. *Devitry*, for your service, bee neere us,
Whip out these instruments of this mad mother
From Court, and all good people; and because
She was borne noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour:
And now lead on, they that shall read this story,
Shall find that vertue lives in good, not glory.
Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.